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THE GARLAND

The garland, which the earth does weave for Thee.
Is exquisite. Flow'rs gathered in the wild
Of artless life i' creation's early hour
Fragrant with green-clad mountain sympathy;
Some blossoms gathered from the fenced grove
Of culture, shy with tints of governed love;
Some lily-white in spotless purity,
Renunciation-yellow some, some red
With passion or with parted pain, some blue
With trust, and some with hope of light-green hue,
Are wrought with care on Time's unbroken thread.
Today I add my own wee little flower,
E'en tho' its hue be faint and fragrance mild,
And it's unworthy of that company.

SUSI P. DAVID.

DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

AN OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY

Dr. Maria Montessori needs no introduction to the practical pedagogic world. She belongs to Italy, the country that has contributed not a little towards the culture and civilization of the West. She is well-versed in medicine also and was an assistant doctor at the "Psychiotric Clinic" of the University of Rome, which was engaged in treating feeble-minded children. For two years she was in this institution and became interested in idiots. A special method of education had been devised for them by a Frenchman named Edward Seguim. Madame Montessori found herself so interested that at last she gave up her hospital duties and devoted her attention entirely to a study of it. She began to put Edward Seguim's methods into practice, and tried her own original ideas also. Her first set of defective children, after receiving education under her guidance, was sent up for an examination, which was also attended by normal children from various schools. The 'idiots' passed the test and Madame Montessori was surprised, not because her feeble-minded ones had got through the test, but because the average intelligent children had not displayed any more intelligence than their unfortunate brothers and sisters. She was convinced that there was something wrong with the education of normal children. Before long, she wanted to try the same methods of teaching for them as well. Her argument was that if any particular method of teaching could succeed in developing the intelligence of feeble-minded children, it ought to develop the intelligence of ordinary ones with more satisfactory results.

The Italian government was then reconstructing the tenements of the working classes of Rome and Madame Montessori was asked in 1906 to organize infant schools in those buildings. This was her opportunity. Those infant schools within the tenements were the first fruits of her experience, her wide reading and originality. She called them "Children's Houses." They became so popular with the working-classes and so useful, that before long her plan was adopted almost all over Italy for the education of infants. To-day, not only Italy but all civilized countries, have adopted the 'Montessori Method' wholly or partially. Dr. Montessori is still carrying on experiments and if there are any defects in the present system, they are sure to be remedied.

Dr. Montessori contends that no system of education can achieve its end without an individual study of the child to begin with, on the part of the instructor. All her teachers are women, and she is of opinion that women are by nature well adapted to handle little ones, an opinion that is confirmed by all educationalists. Instructresses should not only get well-acquainted with child-psychology, but should also possess a scientific spirit. They must carry out little psychological experiments and anthropological observations. They must observe the children under their care, before doing anything in the way of educating them, and in this they are to be guided by their study of character.

The school is within the house. The education is entirely free and, once a week at least, mothers are invited to talk with the Instructress, giving her information concerning the home-life of the children, and receiving helpful guidance from her. Careful monthly records are kept of the height, weight, head and chest measurements, conditions of the eyes, teeth, hair, muscles and of every other important physical condition with respect to each child. By such means and with the help of a permanent physician attached to the 'house', the health of the children is safeguarded. Any tendency to rickets, defective sight, and other early weaknesses are easily detected, while personal cleanliness, proper feeding, and correct deportment are insisted upon from the earliest years.

The furniture and environment of each one of the Children's Houses, are simple, attractive, and comfortable. There is an open space near each school, so that children may be free to go out and come in as they like through-out the day. Desks, benches, and stationary chairs do not find a place there. Instead, we find small tables, firm but light, so that little children can easily carry them about. Similarly, there are little

attractive chairs and arm-chairs. There are wash-stands also in the Children's Houses, placed so low that they can be used even by a three-year old child. There are little white-enamelled basins, pitchers, side-shelves for the soap-dishes, nail-brushes tooth-brushes, towels, etc. The didactic materials, specially invented by Dr. Montessori for the sense-training of the children, are kept in small cupboards, and their tops provide space for potted plants, small aquariums and various toys. The black-boards are hung in such a way that even the smallest child can use them, and they have small cases attached to them for chalk-pieces.

Dr. Montessori believes that discipline must come through liberty and there is the greatest freedom for children under her methods. The only limit to the child's liberty is the collective interest of the Children's House. It should not offend or annoy others ; but all the rest of its activities are not only permitted, but carefully observed by the teacher. Spontaneous movements are not arrested, nor are arbitrary tasks imposed for the sake of discipline. According to Dr. Montessori, the chief aim of the teacher should be "to discipline children for activity, for work, for good, not for immobility, not for passivity, not for obedience. A room, in which children move about usefully, intelligently, and voluntarily, without committing any rough or rude act, would be a class-room very well disciplined." The Instructress is to help children to learn to walk without assistance, to run, to go up and down-stairs, to dress and undress themselves, to bathe themselves, to speak distinctly and to express their own words carefully. It is also Dr. Montessori's opinion that needless help is an actual hindrance to the development of natural forces. The children are with the Instructress from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the winter and from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. in the summer. These long hours include lunch and a short sleep. Collective lessons are not at all given, and the individual lessons that are given are short, simple and objective. If children make mistakes, the Instructress does not punish them or make them feel that they have made mistakes. She simply smiles, gives the particular child a friendly caress and takes away the object. Long hours are necessary if she is thus to follow a direct line of action, which will be helpful to the growth of the child. And, as if by magic force, they are disciplined slowly and collectively.

The greatest contribution of Dr. Montessori to Pedagogy is perhaps her elaborate, yet simple, methods for the training of the senses. This is chiefly carried on by means of actual objects and according to individual guidance. The Instructress must not permit the child to strive after auto-education to the extent of weariness. The greatest triumph of educational methods is to bring about the spontaneous progress of the child. To have mentally grasped something is, for the child, only a point of departure for further intellectual effort. When it begins to understand the meaning of an exercise, it then begins to enjoy repeating it with the most evident satisfaction. It also takes interest in it, because, by means of it, it is developing its physical activities. Hence the child's sense of sight, sound, touch, weight, form, colour, etc., are all developed on natural lines by simple exercises based on suitable didactic materials ; writing precedes reading, the latter being considered as the interpretation of an idea from written signs, while both of these exercises are based upon whole words. The system thus prepares directly for the mastery of the three Rules, and all the exercises are designed to foster habits of attention, carefulness, and self-expression, leading up to the needs of practical every-day life. Muscular education is also fully provided for by a simple gymnastic apparatus, by games, by free gymnastics and by what are termed educational and respiratory gymnastics, embodying a series of exercises tending to assist the normal development of physiological movements like walking, breathing and speaking. Such other movements, as are useful in the ordinary activities of life, like dressing and undressing, buttoning clothes, lacing shoes, gardening, watering plants, feeding domestic pets, etc., also receive careful training.

"Dr. Montessori's contribution represents the constructive effort of a woman. It springs from a combination of womanly sympathy and intuition, broad social out-look, scientific training, intensive and long-continued study of educational problems, and to crown all, varied and unusual experience as a teacher and educational leader."

Group work of

"THE TEACHERS OF TO-MORROW"

CANNANORE.

IS NOT WOMAN SUPERIOR TO MAN?

(By Prithi Chand Bhatia)

While there is so much of discussion going on about the rights and the position of women in Indian society today, one school of thought believing that woman is man's equal, the other holding that she is man's inferior, the truth remains unnoticed, the truth that has been established by almost all the religions of India, namely, that woman is, has always been, and shall continue to be, from many points of view, superior to man.

Let us not be misled that only 'man' has a noble origin, not 'woman.' According to the Bible, both man and woman have the same origin, for it says, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, etc. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he *them.*" Genesis, *1. 26, 27.*

Here *man* means 'man and woman.' The Holy Quran also tells us that both man and woman have the same noble origin. In the Mahabharata, Brahma says, that he fashioned the first woman "faultless in beauty and in all her qualities from whatever was most excellent in the several members of different creatures." *Manu* (*Chapter V*, *130*) says, "The mouth of a woman is constantly pure," and he ranks it with "the running waters and the sunbeam."

Every religion has ordained its followers to respect women. Christianity says, "Entreat the elder woman as mother," *1. Tim. 52.* The very opening verse of the Chapter Al-Nisa of the Holy Quran says, "And respect devoutly Allah, by whom you beseech one another, and women," so that the Quran places woman second to God. At another place, Mohammed says, "None respects women but he who is himself good, none disrespects women but he who is himself wicked," so that one's very treatment towards women can determine whether one is good or wicked. Even speaking ill of a woman is considered an evil. In *Sura* xxiv. 4, it is written, "And those who asperse chaste women, and then bring not four witnesses, scourge them with eighty stripes, and believe not their testimony for ever."

Turning to the Hindu religion, we find innumerable examples of respect shown to women. Manu, the greatest Hindu lawgiver, says, "Whosoever accosts a woman shall do so by the title of *sister*, and way must be made for her even as for the aged, for a priest, a prince, a bridegroom;" and, in the law of hospitality, he ordains that "expectant mothers, brides and damsels shall have food before all other guests." (*Education, art. 12.*) Women have got to be respected, even if they belong to one's enemy.

All religions admit the value of wives to their husbands.

Turning to Christianity, we find written in clear words in *1 Cor. 7*, that "the woman is the glory of the man;" *in Prov. 12, 4*, that "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." That places the virtuous woman over the head of the man.

Khalifa Omar says, "After faith, no blessing is equal to a good wife," so that he places the woman second to faith. Abu Suleman says, "A good wife is not a blessing of this world only, but also of the next." "A good wife irradiates the house and is a goddess of wealth." In short, she is a goddess, who scatters sunshine and sprinkles happiness in the house. And the Hindu religion makes it almost the duty of every husband to

honour his wife. Thus, Manu (*Chapter III, verse 55*) says, "A good wife must be honoured by her husband."

Let us now turn to the poets. Milton calls a woman the sum total of all that is holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet. He calls her the fairest of creation. He says,

> "Oh fairest of creation! last and best
> Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
> Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
> Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet."

Thomas Otway quite clearly admits the superiority of women. He believes that the woman was created to train and temper man. So he sings:

> "Oh woman, lovely woman, nature made thee
> To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
> Angels are painted fair to look like you."

Butler admits that the strongest of men bow their heads before women. Thus he goes;

> "Women, you know, do seldom fail
> To make the stoutest men turn tail."

Thomas Moore very rightly feels the over-lordship of women:

> "Disguise our bondage as we will,
> 'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."

And nobody can question the truth of the saying that "man has his will, but woman has her way." A Roman proverb says, "Women and dogs set men together by the ears." There is another saying that "Men rule the world, women rule them." A French precept goes: "Women can accomplish all, because they rule the persons who govern all." There is a verse in Sanskrit which says that women excel men in many things—strength, endurance, intake of food, etc. And Shakespeare says, "Women are angels, wooing." Do not all these clearly show the superiority of woman to man?

Sheikh M. K. Kidwai in his book, 'Woman', writes:

"Women must remain women—they must be the guardians of the souls of man; they must be his saviours, keeping him back from becoming a sentiment-less, heartless brute, or an unfeeling automaton."

Now in what actually does the superiority of women consist?

The very fact that "there is no better criterion of the refinement of a nation than the condition of the fair sex therein," establishes their superiority in certain respects. The woman drives the chariot wheel of progress and of civilization. Forward the women of a country, forward the country; backward the women of a country, backward the country.

The destiny of a nation lies in the hands of a woman. She may make the child a ruler of the world, she may turn him into a worthless idiot. Woman rules the destiny of man. The future man is at the mercy of the present woman. She may make him or mar him. It is the training in childhood that counts. Nay, the woman begins to exert her influence on man, while yet in the womb. Abhimanyu learnt the way to go inside the *Chakr Viyuh*, while yet in the womb. Napoleon was given his first lessons of bravery a few months before he was born. His mother, before that, had to run from place to place, yet she always kept with her pictures of Greek and Roman heroes; and sang songs of those heroes, thus creating in Napoleon a heroic spirit.

Women were responsible for the bravery and chivalry of the Middle Ages. Women ordered, as it were, men to show feats of bravery in tournaments, which were held, more or less, for the amusement of the ladies.

Time and experience have shown that the strongest men have been mere puppets in the hands of their wives. Jehangir wrote in his autobiography that he had sold his life to his wife for a cup of wine. Even angels bowed their heads before women. Savitri won a victory over the angel of Death.

Speaking medically, women represent the more stable portion of the race. There is

less fatal sickness among women, and they are longer-lived. Statistics and census figures from all over the world confirm the conclusion. A woman is better constituted physiologically *in certain respects.* A man of thirty-three years (in the prime of life) has only a percentage of 30·6 of fat in his muscles, while a woman of *22* (also in the prime of life) has 44·1. That gives her a greater power of endurance, which renders her capable of resisting diseases and temptations. There have not been many women-robbers, thieves, murderers or drunkards in the world. Look at the prisons. How many of the captives and the criminals are women? Woman is generally less afflicted with throat and chest complaints than man. It shows she has more of stamina or staying power for sustained work over prolonged periods. Hysteria is getting unpopular with the onrush of freedom. "Repress her less, and there will be fewer cases of hysteria, which is often but a rebellion against senseless check, from within or without."

Amongst women, there have been queens, heroines, writers, scientists, spiritualists, mathematicians, leaders, teachers and saints. Who does not know the names of Victoria, Elizabeth, Razia, Chand-Bibi, Ahalya Bai, Nur Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal, the illustrious rulers that kept the people spell-bound? Madame Curie made a name in science. Joan of Arc sacrificed her life for the sake of her country. Florence Nightingale gave away her life for the service of humanity. Marie Corelli and George Elliot were novelists, Maitri and Gargi beat the greatest *rishis* in the field of spiritualism. Lila Wati was the inventor of algebra; and chess is said to have been invented by a woman. Dr. Montessori stands out amongst the educationists.

Women are also conscious of the fact that they are placed in a better position than men. Lady Oxford, the famous journalist, writes in a British Paper, "Had I been born a Smith, a Brown, or a Green, I might have written well, but it would have taken the public some time to recognise my style, as so many far better writers than myself have only been appreciated late in life......I might have tried journalism, but I doubt if I could ever have been good enough to become a professional."

Further on, she says, "In spite of women being born with certain physical disabilities, they are stronger than men. We have seen them swimming the Channel, shooting at Bisley and flying to every corner of the Globe; and it is a recognised fact that they can sit up night after night nursing the sick in a way which few men would willingly undertake."

"In scholastic competition, my sex, considering the short time they have enjoyed a University Education, are extremely proficient." In the end, she says, "A woman's instinct is inscrutable; she arrives at right and rapid conclusions which leave the male sex far behind."

Men cannot compete with women as teachers. "A mother is better than a hundred schoolmasters." This fact has been recognised all over Europe. This is why in Primary Schools in Europe, there is not a single man-teacher. S. B. Bray writes, "Women are eminently fitted to train young children of either sex: they have a natural bent for this kind of work. The spirit of childhood unfortunately forsakes the great majority of men; whereas woman, to a large extent, subtly weaves it into the texture of her life with wonderful effect. She still sees the world, as in a vision, 'apparalled in celestial light,' and brings the refining influence of her soul power to bear upon her educational work."

Having considered all these facts, one cannot but say with the poet,

"Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still."

N.B.—We hope there will be replies to this article from men. Surely, they have the right to consider themselves superior to women in some respects! At least, I hope they do!

Editor, I. L. M.

"A HAPPY OCCUPATION"

By the courtesy of "Grihalakshmi".

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The Place of Women

The privileges of women are increasing, and so are their responsibilities. No enlightened women can deny that, for they know that honours should be won, not for fame or notoriety, but for the sake of influence, by which to increase service to the world.

We know that the extent and nature of the field of women's activity are subjects of controversy. Years ago, most people were agreed, at least in India, that the only work for women was in their homes. Now, the position has advanced. The home is still however woman's first vocation. Signor Mussolini says: "I am sure that I am not mistaken when I say that this is for her the dearest and sweetest form of activity, the one which she holds most at heart. In her home, be it great or small, woman must be the queen and ruler, and not an idle or lazy queen, but a 'reggitrice' or 'reggitora' fine old words which are still used along the Italian countryside, and which mean, 'she who holds the reins'."

But all women have not homes. There are many who must work. And that is where the controversy comes. Where should they work? Herr Hitler, we are told, "is putting woman back into her niche in Germany." Miss Ursula Bloom writes in the *Daily Herald* that she thinks that quite right. She avers that women were not a success in the public activities they took on from 1914. The fact that women have taken on so many of men's jobs is one of the reasons for the present unemployment crisis; for women have made themselves martyrs in offices, and have undersold men. Yet, they have not succeeded in securing prominence for themselves. The able politician, the clever lawyer, the efficient financier, the successful doctor, is found more among men than women. And why? Because the women, who earn their living, are not always the women, who really count, who really have brains and energy. Such women are more found at home, where they are the queens of life. And where are the women, who will not accept a good marriage, if such is offered to them? What becomes of their public work then? But, Miss Bloom says that they are defeating their own ends; for there are not enough wage-earners to marry them, since they themselves have taken to wage-earning.

The view of the inefficiency of women in business is shared by Signor Mussolini. He says in the Brisbane Courier, "It is difficult to guess whether some of the women who occupy public posts will eventually succeed in the future in achieving a fame equal to that already achieved by man in the field of politics, without, of course, including queens and empresses. Hitherto, we have never heard of any woman who has succeeded in giving a new and original imprint to any branch of political activity."

According to him, women have not been able to do much in the field even of social legislation. For instance, they have not advanced much the cause of *prohibition* in the United States. Therefore, it appears, as if they can never scale to high eminence. Has there been, he asks, "a great symphonic woman composer, a great woman architect a really great woman painter or sculptress"? Even high philosophy is not attainable by them.

Therefore, Signor Mussolini does not wish women's right to vote to be enlarged. Nor does he wish them to enter too much into the life of politics. "The art of politics is a task of orginality, balance and synthesis, which I do not consider adapted to the female mind, which is generally more analytical and given to details, nor to woman's

temperament, often impulsive and capable of being influenced by suggestion."

Signor Mussolini, however, is an admirer of women's special qualities. He says he does appreciate the talents and qualities of some women. He admits that the vote of the average woman-voter is not worse than that of the average man-voter. And he admits the charms of womanhood. He says,

"My opinion about woman is that she is superior to man in the intrinsic qualities of intuition, adaptability, assimilability, comprehension, goodness, generosity, and above all, love for the home and family, and that she possesses, too, a boundless spirit of sacrifice."

What then, are we to think about ourselves? I think the best method is not to argue or boast, but to work on to the best of our ability, wherever we are placed. This applies specially to India; what many of us are doing at present is to fritter away our energies in arguments, in conferences, in theories. Let us settle down to practical work, achieving what we can. Let those among us, who can gain prominence, do it. And I am sure, there are many who can do so, in spite of Signor Mussolini. Only, their field of activity may not be the same as that of men. Their dominant personality may not be completely compared with the dominant personality of men. Yet each must have a definite personality, which can attain to its respective greatness. What is the use of forever arguing and imitating men? Is not womanhood as distinctive a creation as manhood? There must be some difference between the two. Why else did God create men and women?

There are many fields left open for woman. A woman for instance, can be great in international activities, by advice and by influence. No less a person than Mrs. Josephine Bernard, the Honorary International and Inter-state secretary of the National Council of women of Queensland, said in one of her addresses, reported in the Brisbane Courier, that women were able to do a great amount of practical international work. The principal organisations "were the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Y. W. C. A., and the International Alliance for Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship. Many organisations were included in the second group, including University and various other professional women, the Catholic Women's League, and Girl Guides. Finally there was the all-embracing organisation known as the National Council of Women, with its 40 federated national councils, having, in all, a membership of about 40,000,000 women."

All such meet in International conference and pass resolutions, which help in working up public opinion. The women, who were workers, acted together with the men on more or less a plane of equality.

Let women then try to build up a feeling of international unity. As Sir S. Radhakrishna said lately, while at work on the International Commission of the League of Nations. "While science and organisation are building up a single world-body, the world does not yet function as a single organism. I believe that the Eastern nations, China and India, who are pacifist by tradition and temperament, have a good deal to contribute to the new world-culture. They are the necessary complement and co rective to the dominant, rationalist pragmatism of the West. They may not be advanced politically, but political values are not the highest, nor are they all the values. If we are servants of the values of spirit, of truth and justice, peace and honour, let us adopt in our lives—and with our lives—the maxim: So Long as One Man is in Prison, I am Not Free; So Long as One Nation is Subject, I Belong to it."

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu emphasised the same in her addresses on *Youth and to-morrow* at Hyderabad.

"Speaking from the fullness and wideness of her experience, she might say that the ideal for to-morrow was the marvellous unity of life, not its diversity. They heard too much of diversities in creeds, faiths, cultures;

but the trend of youth was to identify itself with the great common ideals of life. Turn where they would, there was coming into its own a great Republic of Youth, unfettered by barriers of country, community or creed. Their perspective might be wrong on occasions, but to-morrow held forth to all of them a common heritage. The mission of youth to-morrow would be the creation of a new brotherhood."

Is this not then a great work for Indian women to-day? Let us remember that Mrs. Naidu is a keen politician, and yet she can bow to international standards.

Then, there is the realm of society for women to work in. As Signor Mussolini said:

"But there is a field open to the gifts and activities of women, of all women from the humblest to the most intelligent and proudest, in a magnificent manner, even outside the precincts of the home. It is the field of social organisation and assistance. In this human work of charity, namely of love, the characteristic virtues of the feminine soul and intelligence are precious and irreplaceable."

To come down from the heights to the plains, from general principles to humble details, is not so easy. Let us, however, take a few of the latter, leaving aside those so much stressed on usually, *viz*, the care of home, husbands and children.

Mrs. P. K. Ray, fellow of Calcutta University, is reported to have talked about the necessity for overlooking the training of girls between 14 and 20. "If we want to preserve the details of Indian womanhood, that are inherited from the past, we must safe-guard certain matters, when girls are first coming out of their teens," she said. Is this not true? Here then is a work for Indian women, where they can be of much use.

There are the sick, the suffering, and the disabled to help. Hospitals want nurses and probationers; towns need health-visitors and health-workers. There are the prisons to work in. Note the example of Senorita Victoria Kent, the first woman-member of Parliament in Spain. In 1931, she was elected Director-general of Prisons in Spain; she began her task bravely. She cleaned up the prisons and regulated social rules, mixed with criminals and thieves, sympathised with prisoners. All of us cannot have her opportunities, but every one of us can do something to help those who are thus punished.

Then, there is farm-life to be considered. Government employment in modern days is far preferred to land-life; but why should that be so? Is not the latter more independent, more healthy and more congenial work? I was much interested in reading of Hitler's experiment in settling city workers on land. Breaking up big estates into small ones, he wanted experienced men to live on the land and teach the beginners. From such co-operation, a wonderful farm emerged with houses, machinery, schools, silk-farming, baking etc. Some of this can be done in India, if only there is initiative. And thus a part of the problem of unemployment can be solved.

Then, there is educational service to be done to the illiterate. We need women "who can concentrate on that work and devote their whole lives to the uplifting of the masses." I was struck the other day by the Delhi education officer's warning, "Education seems to be widening the gulf between the educated classes and the masses, thereby endangering the harmonious working of future constitutions, and between men and women, thereby endangering social harmony in our homes. The only means of preventing the gulf from widening to a dangerous extent is to push forward rapidly those who lag behind, namely, women and the illiterate masses." And many of these masses are the depressed classes or the Harijans.

Is some of this not the special work of women?

They can do much to give a measure of uplift to these people. They can hold classes in their homes for illiterate young men and women about twenty-five years of age, who have to spend their time in work.

They can mix with the poor and the depressed classes of the *paracheries* near them. Real friendship and interest in such people will always meet with a quick and pleasant response.

Women can also be kind to their servants and teach them good and clean habits. The same applies to their children. It is not an easy task thus to see to cleanliness. In the first place, it leads to misunderstanding and bitterness. In the second, it needs constant reiteration of correction, and therefore calls for infinite patience.

One thing, one should always keep in mind. It is easier to go down to a lower level than to climb upwards. Let us, however, attempt the latter in every walk of life.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I stood on the brink of Life's fugitive years,
With a heart full of sadness and eyes wet with tears.

Dim wraiths of remembrance came hauntingly by,
And weird emblems of midnight fell on the dark sky.

There depth upon depth of black vapours upcurled,
Hiding night's lamps from a gloom-stricken world.

A shadow I saw in the distance depart;
And a shadow hath fear for a frightened heart.

In silence, enshrouded humanity slept,
Thus, alone with the cold Earth, deep vigil I kept.

I gazed down life's vista of shadow and gloom,
And discerned thro' its sableness naught but a tomb.

Deep sunk in my soul were the woes of mankind,
And I longed to bring peace to the wretched in mind.

Then morning, fair morning, when mists roll away,
Dawned with hope and sweet gladness again for the day.

Across the expanse of the infinite blue,
The pure songs of the angels awakened anew.

The glory of Heaven spread over the Earth,
And my dull load of sorrow fell with the sun's birth.

Then a vision of splendour my spirit did shake—
And I knew that mankind sleeps Death's sleep—to awake!

HERBERT PORTER

KANYA-KUMARI.

(CAPE COMORIN)

(by K. Gomathy Amma)

A smooth, straight and undulating road runs through the plains of Nanjinad. After you leave Nagercoil, there are few things to divert your attention. All, all along, plains—bare plains—and in the distance, the end of the chain of the Western Ghats. At Suchindram, you see the tower of the temple, famous in South India for its car festival. It is just on the road—the temple of Siva—the first and the last thing to attract you on your way to the Cape from Nagercoil. After eight miles of pleasant and smooth driving in the car (from Suchindram), all at once the scene changes from the dry plains and rocks to a vision of blue, blue all around. The deep blue of the seas, the light blue of the skies above, hold everywhere a majestic serenity and silence. The mind is in a state of tension, as the car glides along by itself, as it were, to the end of the road, right on to the sands. One would think the car would simply go on, rushing right into the waters. The car stops suddenly; and for a moment the heart also stops. The confluence of the three mighty seas, the constant roaring of the waves of the three in unison, the blazing sun high above, reflecting its rays on the ever-moving waters, the bathing ghats, the steps leading to the several sacred *thirthas*, behind you and on the left side of the road the palaces and summer residences and season resorts of Travancore's royal blood and gentry, the Residency, the Traveller's Bungalow, close by a convent and a church, the *satrams* (inns), and above all, the golden dome of the temple, guarded by high stone walls, adjoining it the inevitable Brahmin quarters, hotels and clubs and a market, miles and miles of sand, and jutting into the seas rock-hills huge and small,—make you forget everything else; the vision keeps you entranced. O wonderful!

Travancore, it is said, is the Kashmir of S. India. For scenes of luxuriant natural beauty, waving palms and lengths of beautiful paddy fields, back-waters and lakes and rivers and mountains, numerous temples and quaint houses,—North Travancore cannot be excelled anywhere in S. India. South Travancore has little of natural beauty, or nothing at all. The old palaces of Travancore's ancient history, the forts and ruins, the Pechippara Dam, the famous temples of Suchindram and Kumara Koil,—these are the few that can be of any real interest in South Travancore. But this sacred spot, this Kanya-Kumari, combines in itself varied interests, geographical, historical and religious. It is worth a thousand other natural beauties.

Take a cool plunge in the sea before sunset. To the orthodox Hindu, there is no dearth of *Punya* here; *thirthams* and sacred baths are everywhere. The ordinary man gets down to the waters by the special and most important ghat, the *mathru theertham.* A space as broad as a tank is closed in by rocks all around, between which water gets in, only waist-deep, but it is always like a calm pool. One can simply wade through and cross to the real *theertham.* Here the waves rush in, all fury and force; and, to protect bathers from drowning, steps have been built and strong iron chains are attached all round from one rock to another, to catch and keep back any one from being taken away to mid-ocean. These precautions enable one to enjoy a cool dip in the sea. Outside the precincts of these iron chains, it is quite unsafe to bathe, on account of rocks and eddies and whirlpools and what not. Orthodox pilgrims take their plunge in couples, father and son, mother and son, husband and wife, and so on. You enjoy

your bathe and get on land,—the sticky sensation of salt is inevitable—"no gains without pains," and go thence to the temple. It is the hour of *sandhya—deepam* and *pooja*. The temple is built of stone and during the day no spark of sunlight can enter the precincts. At night, it is easier to find the way in, by help of the lights all round the *Pradakskin* way. The correct entrance to the temple is closed,—it has been so now for a very long period ; there is a tradition connected with it. So you go round to the right doorway, where Travancore's sentinels keep vigil night and day, and through the sub-door come right round to the *sanctum sanctorum*. An image in granite of a young girl of twelve is there; that is Kanya-Kumari Devi (the Virgin Goddess). There is no dearth of decoration, floral or otherwise. Then the temple bells chime and *Pooja* begins. As one chants the sacred *slokas* "Nityananda karee, Varabhaya karee, Soundarya ratna karee," the stone walls chant them back in turn, and one is moved to deep reverence of the mighty power of the Virgin Goddess, at the brink of the three mighty seas, the waves of which fall humbly prostrate at her feet as it were, even while their power is such that one mighty wave of them can drown the whole structure, as well as the powerless stone image. "O Guardian Goddess of Travancore, of *Bharat-bhumi*! Thy power is manifold! Hail, hail to Thee!"

You come away from the temple in a mood of silent awe and deep-felt reverence, and the flash of the diamonds of the goddess dazzling your eyes. A thousand lights light up the chamber of the holy of holies, yet the flash of the diamonds excels everything and spreads a heavenly radiance all around. But it is the sparkle of the Brahma *sakthi* of the Virgin Goddess that is seen ; for no diamonds can have such a shine. It is said that, in days gone by, the Eastern temple door, facing the seas, was always kept open, and throughout the night, the flash of the diamonds acted as the "light house" of the cape. Some foreign traders, passing that way, knew the tale and coveted the stones ; they dropped anchor and got ashore and entered the temple to rob the Goddess. But, they were powerless to touch it even, and went away, experiencing a great loss to their trade as punishment. From that time onwards, the great Eastern door is always closed, according to the deity's orders, and from that day no ship can get to the land there.

Sunset and sunrise at the cape are worth seeing. But to me, the cape on a moon-lit night presents the most memorable sight. It is simply grand. The beautiful moon shedding its rays on the ripples and waves, the lull in the roar of the waves, a soft cool breeze, the dead silence of the night, the twinkling of the stars, the distant flute in the temple announcing the hour for sleep of the deity, when, like a little child, she is put to bed in a golden cradle and rocked to the accompaniment of slow, sweet, soothing, softly-chanted songs of nautch-girls, the distant flickering light from stray moving ships sailing by and crossing the seas, the miles and miles of white sand, the dark waters hemming you in all around, except for the strip of land beneath you and behind you,—how grand, how majestic, how wonderful! Surely, not even the hard-hearted cynic, nor the pronounced atheist, can help feeling a sense of the mighty power that rules the world, in the deep stillness, broken only by the lulled roar of the waves, as if ceaselessly reminding one of the vast power of creation.

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN INDIA

The importing of a ready-made system from America, England or Germany, however successful it may have been there, will not solve our problem. Those systems must be studied carefully and their basic principles and psychological foundations clearly understood. Equipped with that knowledge and also with deep living understanding of the peculiar needs and conditions of this country, its hoary civilization, its vastness, tropical climate, industrial and economic backwardness and the phenomenally short life of its people, the educationist and legislator must set themselves to the task with noble fervour. The result will then be a system of primary education, which will be what it ought to be, a perennial fountain of knowledge and life to the nation.

Education is the harmonious development of all the powers of man with a view to make him an efficient individual, capable of performing the duties and bearing the responsibilities, which his life in society imposes on him, and also capable of enjoying the little span of life granted to him on this earth. It is not expected that primary education should work miracles. But primary education, if it is worth its name, must be in a way complete in itself and must aim within its limits at achieving the object of education. Primary education is clearly defined in article 14 of the 'Indian Educational Policy' as "The instruction of the masses through the vernacular in such subjects as will best stimulate their intelligence and fit them for their position in life,"—a very clear and comprehensive definition. It was found in 1854 that the consideration of measures to that end had been too much neglected and a considerable increase of expenditure in Primary education was contemplated and achieved.

The Primary School course comprises five classes, from the first to the fifth, and covers a period of five years. Not an inconsiderable period, especially in view of the poverty and short life of the average Indian. The age rules of the S. S. L. C. Examination do not contemplate, or rather do not advise, the completion of the Primary Course before the tenth year. Usually, a boy spends from the 8th to the 12th year in a Primary School. In rural areas the boys are older.

What is the state of the boy as he comes out of this five years' course and how does he differ from his friend, who has not undergone the course, but who in other respects has lived under the same conditions? It is on the reply given by facts to this question that the judgment on the present Primary education must depend. The pupil has been taught a little of Geography, History, Nature Study and Arithmetic, a few English sentences and some vernacular. At the end of a year after leaving school he retains not more than a few names relating to History and Geography, sometimes a few English words and in the vernacular just enough to pass for a literate before a Census officer and to record his vote at a polling station. No wonder that he has forgotten the rest, for he has no use for it in life. His friend, who has not passed through the school, is often superior to him in physique, has got into the habit of doing some useful labour, has fewer needs and higher powers of enduring hardships and privations and is therefore better fitted for life. This is the picture that thrusts itself daily upon our notice. In spite of its definition in The Indian Educational Policy, in practice the Primary School has come to mean nothing if not a ladder to the First Form of the Secondary School, "whose aim is the diffusion of European knowledge", but whose actual achievement is preparation of clerks, as expressed in The Indian Educational Policy itself.

It seems clear, from a strict consideration of economy, that English should be dropped and that no distinction should be made between the Primary department of a Secondary School and an Elementary School. The introduction of a foreign language to a pupil before he is well-grounded in his mother tongue and before his mind has reached a certain degree of development is against the accepted educational principle. The Indian Educational Policy itself lays down 12 as the proper age for commencing the teaching of a foreign language. To the omission of English in the 4th and 5th classes, the objection may perhaps be raised that the six years of the Secondary School Course, from the 1st to the 6th Form, is too short for the attainment of the required standard of efficiency. But, there need be no fear

of that sort. The enhanced mental development ensured by the modified curriculum, in itself a great gain, makes it easier for the boy to assimilate, and profit by, the teaching of English commenced in the first form, and at the end of six years of intensive English teaching he is sure to show at least as much proficiency in English as at the end of the S. S. L C, course under the present dispensation. History and Geography are now given more prominence than their usefulness in after-life justifies. One period a week for each subject will do, and only the most important topics and prominent features should be dealt with. There are important subjects like hand-work to be considered. To quote a sentence from a valuble lecture delivered by Mr. P. W. Fyson, then Inspector of Schools, "Hand-work is a very important part of education for the double reason that it helps the education of the brain and that indirectly by the training of the hand it will improve the industry of the country." The making of baskets, mats, fans and such articles of daily use will give scope to the expression of the creative instinct so natural to a human being and will make school life usefull and interesting. In the 4th and 5th classes this hand-work must pass into vocational training, which, during the Secondary School course, should be continued and made fuller and more refined. A very large majority of the pupils are sons of agriculturists and take to agriculture after leaving the Primary school. This makes essential the inclusion of agriculture in the curriculum. In classes 1, 2 and 3, it may take the shape of play and pleasure-work and observation in the school garden. In the 4th and 5th classes, it should take a vocational turn.

It is common experience that nothing, next to religion, can lighten difficulties and sorrows so well as music. The famished labourer, forgetting in his rustic song his hunger and exhaustion, and the poor and care-worn villagers losing themselves in the ecstasy of the evening dance or 'bhajan', furnish ample evidence, if evidence were wanted, of the alchemy of music. Is it not our duty to make use of this in the building up of our educational system? All that is desired is that music should be one of the subjects of the curriculum, in order to enable every boy or girl to sing with interest and enjoyment.

More attention should be paid to physical culture. Hygiene must be taught to pupils on rational lines dealing more with health and the methods of attaining it than with disease and its myriad forms. Pupils must be made to play a lot in the open air and sun. The value of breathing exercises and dances and 'bhajans' cannot be exaggerated. There is no doubt that a boy or girl cannot be made all healthy by school alone, but that parental co-operation is needed in the home; yet the school must strive to be a place of health, joy and beauty.

Fortunately the climate does not necessitate, even forbids, costly buildings and elaborate furniture. In this connection, the admirable words of Mr. Fyson must be quoted. "It is unnecessary to have expensive brick buildings... As regards furniture, it is better to my mind that the pupils sit on the earthen floor with mats under them than on a wooden bench with their legs dangling off the ground."

With regard to the school hours, educationists and doctors are agreed that morning is the best time for work and noon the time for rest in this country. The school day must be shortened and the school year lengthened. A good suggestion of a four hours' day, with 4 periods of 40 minutes each, from 7 to 9–40 in the morning, and 2 periods of the same duration from 3 to 4–20 in the evening, is proposed. The evenings can be given to hand-work, music and games. Of the 24 morning periods every week, 8 may be given to Arithmetic, 8 to the Vernacular, 2 to Nature-Study, 2 to hand-writing, 3 to general knowledge, History and Geography and 1 to Drawing. The school should not be kept closed for more than ninety days in the year, Sundays, festivals and a short vacation at the close of the year, all together.

In this, as in the matter of furniture and the subjects and methods chosen, we must learn something from the old-fashioned pial schools. Attention for instance can be given to the systematic cultivation of memory, which is so essential. Pupils can be made to get by heart a lot of *satakams* and other good poetry, which will persist in the mind to the close of life, as a source of joy and inspiration for ever.

Much depends on the quality of the teachers employed. Better pay must be given and better men must be employed than is now the case in Elementary Schools. A number of elementary schools, now being aided, may be closed down with no loss to education. A proper adjustment between quantity and quality must be found.

Now there is much overlapping of educational effort. In the same village we find an elementary school for Hindu boys, another for girls, still another for Muhammadan boys, and another still for depressed classes, and all these are starving for want of funds and pupils. They can all be amalgamated into one school and with the money so saved the staff may be strengthened, the instruction made more useful and comprehensive, and the inspecting staff lessened. Also, co-education of the children of different communities is the best solvent for the communal troubles, which have unfortunately become the marked feature of our age. Again, whatever may be said of the segregation of sexes during the Secondary School course, in the Primary School it is not only meaningless, but also an unmitigated evil.

As schools of the right type are provided, gradually compulsion should be introduced. It is needless to say that primary education should be as free as air and water and sunshine, as useful too, and as naturally adapted for the growth of the child-mind as they are for the growth of the child-body.

SINGARAZU MALLAPARAJANA RAO.

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki, by K. S.

(Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her ; she must either marry Natesan or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisemet she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously-unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding.)

CHAPTER VII

Elated by her success, Janaki was sure now that she was a born detective. Her husband evidently agreed with her ; for, whenever she called him into consultation, the peculiar twinkle of excitement could be observed in his eyes also. He too seemed to be on the *Qui vive.*

Janaki, after much thought, proceeded to put an advertisement in the papers. It ran as follows : " Women, who have domestic problems to be solved, or who have become involved in troublesome affairs, will find a friendly helper in an Indian woman detective, who has set herself to work of this kind. Apply Box 10, c/o The Indian Tribune, Tarapur."

Quite a modest advertisement, it must be admitted, but destined to be of great use in Tarapur.

Having issued her invitation, Janaki, like the spider in her parlour, sat waiting, but with what a different outlook to the little insect !

For many days she awaited a call. At last it came. An old Brahmin woman was brought into her study. Naturally she was a shy, diffident, frightened crature. She was dressed in rather poor clothes and stood at the entrance, reluctant to be parted from the old man, evidently her husband, who had accompained her. Janaki asked them to sit down on a carpet placed against the wall, and sat with them herself ; with a piece of paper and a pencil in her hands, gradually, she drew the story out of them, for each supplemented the other. They seemed a harmless, innocent sort of couple.

" I am worried about my daughter who is our only child," said the woman. " My husband rather admires the education given now-a-days to women, and wished to give it to Nalini, though I was against it. So we sent her to the Government Girls' School for some years. He would not let her be married, though, many offers have come for her. She passed the highest examination there,—" She turned to her husband, at a loss for the name.

" The S. S. L. C.," murmured the man. " Yes, I can never remember the name. Then we sent her to college—"

" The Queen Victoria College in M—'

" She became a boarder there ; and we missed her very much at home."

" Is she your only child ? " asked Janaki. The woman eagerly assented, too eagerly,

thought Janaki; but there was a shade of hestitation in the man's reply, which the detective made a note of.

"She passed her F.A., and B. A., and came home. She wanted to do another examination—"

"The L. T." said the man.

"Yes; but we could not afford her any more money. We had sold all our lands, and had only a small plot left, on which our house was built. She was very disappointed, and I am sorry to say she was rather cross. We humour her as much as possible, but she is not happy."

"Did she wish to find work outside home?" asked Janaki.

"Yes; she wanted to join many Samajams and Sangams, like—"

"The Child-welfare association, the Ladies' club, the Indian congress, the Swadeshi guild, and so on."

"We could not afford her every thing; but she joined one or two affairs. Then, she is always wanting to play tennis and asks for shoes and grand clothes. She is also keen on giving up caste distinctions Oh, I tell you education has spoiled our girl. I blame my husband for every thing."

The old man squirmed and writhed, and Janaki, in pity for him, murmured,

"Gently, gently. But tell me why you are just now worried about her."

"I—I am afraid, she has taken to meeting some bad people. She goes out late at nights to the beach here. I feel so afraid for her. Once, I tried to follow her, but she was so angry with me. Her father won't do anything, because he says we must trust the girl, and that trust will beget trust. But I! oh, Indian girls ought not to behave like this. I am so frightened for my girl. I don't know what—is—happening," and the poor woman burst into bitter tears. Janaki turned to the husband, and asked him if he knew any of the people she was meeting. He shook his head; her friends belonged to associations and guilds. The girl hated interference, he said, and was inclined to be haughty and sullen when questioned.

"As for me, I have faith in her, and I think she must be carefully treated. She is a good girl, but,—" and his voice trailed away.

Janaki dismissed the couple, with instructions to come again in a few days, and report further developments. In the meanwhile, she would devote thought to their case, she said, and do her best to help them.

It seemed to her that the problem called for a different person than herself; and then she thought of another member of "The Coterie," the sweet, soft, gentle Sarada, a college girl like herself, not doing any real work, but longing to find some business to be interested in. Janaki indeed would rather have preferred her other friend, tall, dignified, thoughtful, Menaka, but that damsel had just been married. So only Sarada was left. She wondered if she could come to Tarapur for a few days. Her parents were quite pleasant people, progressive and tolerant. She could but try.

She was successful. Sarada could be spared for a few days. Janaki welcomed her friend eagerly and so did Seshan. They made a splendid "Trio." Sarada began to interest herself in the various activities of the town, and she did better in the case than Janaki expected. Soon, she came across the recalcitrant girl, Nalini; and with her gentle and soft yet efficient ways she wormed herself into the good graces of the girl.

"I like Nalini", she reported to Janaki. "She is a good girl, but very headstrong and thinks rather too highly of herself. She won't brook interference with what she calls her freedom."

"Have you found out who her friends are?"

'Oh, she has a lot of them; some belong to the lower castes and the Panchamas.'

"Whom does she meet at night?"

"She won't tell me yet. Either they belong to some secret guild, into which I can't be initiated so soon; or they are some of her own friends."

"You haven't come across anyone, who might be a brother, have you?"

"Why, no: has she any brothers?"

"She might have. The old people were rather reticent about that. By the way, is there any one with whom she is more intimate than the others?"

"Well, there might be one. I'm not sure though."

"Keep an eye on him then".

With all those precautions, however, something unexpected soon happened. The old father ran trembling to her one day, and told her that his daughter was lost. She could not be found anywhere in any of her usual haunts.

"Oh, madam, you don't think she has been killed, do you?"

"No, no, I am, sure not. Did she have any jewels on her?"

"Nothing; our Nalini has a dislike for jewels."

"Have you told the police?"

"Yes, we were forced to, as they began to suspect something from our enquiries in the town; but what is the use of the police? Oh, madam, please help. This is the first time we have heard of one like you."

"I have not been able to help you much."

"Not outwardly, but our girl has become much quieter and gentler of late. I think Sarala Devi has influenced her; and it was you who brought her here."

"So you know all that, do you?"

"Yes," he said simply.

"Did your daughter know?"

"I don't think so."

"Where did she go last night?"

"To the ruined temple on the beach as usual. I followed her a little way, because my wife worried me to. But I could not go far without her seeing me. So I came back. She came last night at ten o'clock, and quietly went to bed, after scolding us for sitting up for her. Oh, she is not a bad girl, my Nalini. She is really very fond of us."

Tears came into his eyes as he spoke. But, instead of bringing pity to Janaki, they seemed to harden her; for she turned on him sternly.

"Natesan, I am going to be stern with you. You have been very remiss, you know. What is the use of hiding things from me, and yet asking me to help you."

"Hiding things? We?"

"Yes, you and your wife. Tell me now where is your other child, the one you had by your first wife?" Janaki quailed as she asked the question, for she was making rather a long shot in the dark, having only deduced it from the couple's behaviour.

"My-my child?" the old man quavered, and then fell on his knees and all but embraced Janaki's feet.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to the roof. "Oh, lady, you are a goddess. How did you know?"

"Never mind. Tell me about that child."

Janaki did not know whether the child was a boy or a girl, and so she was careful to use equivocal words.

"My son," the old man said sadly at last, "was ten years old when I married again. Now, he will be about thirty. He was a good boy, but some years after my second marriage he began to get into bad company. He neglected his studies and became wild in his behaviour."

"Why?"

"I don't know; perhaps, his step-mother was too strict and—and—unkind. Perhaps, he was jealous of his little sister, who was then about twelve. You see, we were sending her to school and spending a lot of money on her clothes. We rather neglected him. In any case, he got into bad ways; and made matters worse by being very harsh to us. That's why I am inclined to be lenient in the case of Nalini."

"What became of the boy?"

"He left us", said the old man simply. "He mixed with the Panchamas, and finally wished to marry one of their girls. I put my foot down then, of course, and he went away."

"Aren't you afraid that in revenge he might be turning your Nalini against you?"

"How can he? The boy went off to Rangoon with his wife about three years ago, and I have not heard from him since. And I know he has not come back, for I have made careful enquiries."

"Had his wife no relatives here?"

"No, she was a stranger to this town, a poor nurse, who came to work at the hospital."

A week later, the old parents came again and looked very reproachfully at Janaki, though they said nothing much. Janaki knew that their great fear was that the girl might have been done away with, and her body hidden somewhere, though why she should have such an enemy they did not know. The old man remarked sadly that Janaki seemed to have forgotten them, as she apparently had so much to do in the poorer quarters of the town. Janaki looked a little ashamed of herself, though she deprecated their attitude.

"Please don't think", she said, "that I am giving up your case. I still think about your daughter. And I am also in touch with the police about her. But I have found some other work to do, as I have so much leisure."

"But what makes you take up with the Panchamas? You are going the way of my son and daughter. Why are all moderners so interested now-a-days about the depressed classes? After all, they were born to be the servants and the chattels of the higher castes."

"Oh don't say that," protested Janaki. "No one is born to be a servant. Every one must have his chance of advancement. Besides, the lower castes have much good in them, which has not come to the surface, because of their down-trodden condition."

"They will never be up to any real good. You cannot trust a low-caste man. The proverb goes that he will rob his own mother."

"Certainly not. They are like that, because they have never been given a chance. It requires generations of culture to eradicate faults and inculcate virtues. Where have the low-castes ever had that? On the other hand, we high-castes have more or less always been in an atmosphere of good breeding."

"Well, well, you will all find out your mistake sooner or later."

"In the meanwhile, let us do our best for them."

The old parents went away weeping. They were very near the end of their tether.

Seshan was of great help to Janaki in her social work. He seemed to have a few good friends in the poor district; and he requested them to take the two girls about. From place to place, they went about, seeking out very needy cases for urgent help, helping the sick, comforting the distressed, teaching the children, inculcating the laws of cleanliness and health. And they were very popular and really useful, for their teachings were direct, yet kindly, and very practical.

One day, after about a week, Janaki begged Seshan to go with her.

"I have something to talk about with you. You will be interested." she said.

They made their way to one of the very poor quarters, where some Christians lived. The little house they went to was quite spotless in spite of poor furnishings; and the woman, who came to greet them was neat, and the chairs they were given to sit on were clean.

"Good morning," smiled Janaki, "I hear you have a very sick woman here."

"Yes, madam, very sick indeed, but now better."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She-she-was burnt badly on the legs-and-arms; the cooking oil spirted up one day and fell on her."

"Who treated her?"

"Oh, we ourselves. Sometimes, simple home remedies are much better than hospital medicines. And sometimes, we can get good Indian medicines."

"Some of the Indian medicine doctors here are but quacks, and you must be careful."

"And some of the hospital medicines are but water. Oh, madam, please excuse me. We know you very well: we have heard well of you; but sometimes the hospital is useless."

"What looks to you like water, may be just clean, colourless medicine, you know. But tell me, your sick friend here is a new arrival, isn't she? When did she come?"

"She came only the other day—let me see-a-week ago, ten days."

The hesitancy in the woman's speech sometimes, direct as she was at other times, puzzled Seshan; but Janaki only looked wise.

"Can we see her?"

"I-I'll go and see if she is awake, madam."

Left alone, the two looked at each other; but had no time to say anything. The woman was back almost at once.

"Madam, I am sorry to say she is sleeping."

"Of course, we must not disturb her. We'll come again; Goodbye. Ah, there are your children, one, two, three, four, of them. How nice they look! How do you manage to keep them so clean?"

"Oh, madam, God helps us."

The young couple went away.

"There seems to be a puzzle there," said Seshan. "There's something queer about the other woman's illness."

"Add to it the fact that two weeks ago I saw these same children, and they were all in tatters. Look at them now."

"They must have come across some money then. Perhaps, their sick friend is helping them. Was that why you asked if she was a new arrival? Oh, you are a clever creature, Janaki. But, why do you wish to worry over their finances?"

Srimathi T. Narayani Amma, B.A., who has been nominated a member of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly, Travancore State.

Miss D. H. Watts, who has been nominated to the Upper House of the Sri Chitra State Council, Travancore. Miss Watts was the Principal of the Women's College in Travancore and is the sister of the late Mr. M. E. Watts, ex-Dewan of Travancore State.

High Court.

Miss Dilnawaz Byramji, who was recently enrolled as an Advocate of Bombay High Court. She is the second Parsi Woman Lawyer to be enrolled, the first being Mrs. Lam (formerly Miss Mithan Tata).

THE LADY GRADUATES FOR THIS YEAR OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

in the inner room. Dash it all, what can she do to us?"

She disappeared, and Seshan stood with his heart in his mouth. He hated to be thought unnecessarily officious. Besides, he did not know what his wife's game was. But he was beginning to guess.

There was a low cry from inside the room; then quick words. A minute afterwards, Janaki came running from the room, made a grab at Seshan's arm, and dragged him inside.

"Quick, quick," she panted, "I have found her, I have found her."

"Whom? Do you mean Nalini?"

"Yes."

"Grand girl!"

On the bed, a girl was sitting up, bearing signs of illness indeed, but now evidently much better. She looked very worried, however, and cross.

"How did you find me?"

"You are Nalini, aren't you?"

"Yes; there is no use of hiding myself now, is there? Why did you look for me? Everything is spoilt now;" and hiding her face in her hands she burst into tears.

Janaki ran to her and fell on her knees by the bed-side.

"My dear, my dear, we wish you well. Don't be afraid. You shall have your husband, you shall have everything you want."

The sick girl looked at her wonderingly.

"You are all right; but what will my parents say? Oh, they are incorrigible, and I don't blame them either. But I think I have a right to my own life."

"You have indeed" said Janaki, and whispered persuasively, "Can I see him?"

"Yes." The sick girl clapped her hands, and the woman whom they knew, who had indeed been standing just at the entrance of the room for a little while, came in. She looked rather pleased, though she tried to frown at Janaki. But the latter laughed.

"I am not at all cross with you, my dear," she cried. "I quite understand your anxiety for her. Where is your brother?"

Then she turned to Seshan and said; "This lady's brother is Nalini's husband and they are both related to the wife of Nalini's long-lost brother. He and his wife have come back, and it was through them that Nalini met her husband."

Seshan looked astonished. "My dear, you are really great. How did you know all this?"

"I guessed something from what I heard about Nalini's brother, and the rest I got out of your friends, Rama and Hari. They are extraordinarily capable and so loyal to you. How do you manage to make them so fond of you, Seshan?"

He blushed and turned his head aside. Janaki gazed at him shyly, and then turned to greet a young man, who had just come in, a fine, well-set-up fellow, handsome and straight-gazing, clothed in pure white *khadder*, which made him look like a king. His glance brightened as it fell on Nalini.

"We couldn't help it," he said simply. "We met in the child-welfare work I am a medical man, without much practice, but I am getting on. I have not much caste to speak of, and I knew her people wouldn't let her marry me, so we eloped. We used to meet at night on the beach."

"I guessed as much; but why didn't you have the courage of your convictions, and come openly for her?"

"She would not let me, and after all it is her happiness I want. So I brought her here, and then she fell ill from over-anxiety. What will you do now?"

"I shall see what I can do with the old people, and then come for you here, if they are amenable. I think they will be, for they love their girl. If not, you can both go your own way."

"Oh, I hope they will be kind," cried Nalini. They evidently were; for, after a long interview, Janaki took Nalini and her husband, whose name was Mahadevan, to them. What happened between them, we can guess from the fact that thereafter they were all friends. Of course, Nalini had lost her caste, and could not eat with them. But she and her husband were given many a meal in their house, and I am sure that later on the old people must have forgotten their prejudices enough to eat with them in private at least, if not openly. And they liked their son-in-law very much. He became their doctor, and was able to keep the old couple in health for many happy years.

As for the long-lost brother, well, he was not far away; and he and his wife also often visited the old parents.

And Seshan and Janaki felt very happy in the new happiness they had promoted. Janaki indeed thrilled with it, and wished she could be as happy as Nalini. But Seshan was as quiet and calm and placid at usual, and her yearning heart failed within her.

(To be continued)

THE OLD LONDON SHOWS.

(By Miss Fitzgerald)

The London of long ago had plenty of delightful wonder-shows, panoramas, dioramas, and wondrous mechanical toys, that men, women and children went to see. Then, too, as now, the Picture Palaces led the way. Then, as now, people loved to be transported by the cunning of the showman to distant parts of the earth and to travel among the wonderful sights of Nature and the glorious works of man. But what is done now by "shooting", old London did by hand-painted scenes.

The first of these picture-shows was Panorama. This was a huge single picture, without beginning or end, which completely surrounded the spectator. In later years, the space between the painted canvas and the spectator was occupied by modellings, and by merging the one into the other the spectator had the illusion of real distance. Robert Barker, an artist, is said to have been the first producer of panorama. One day, as Robert was looking on from under an umbrella, put up to keep off the sun, at the beautiful surroundings from the top of Cotton Hill in Edinburgh, the view he saw thus presented itself to him as an endless ribbon capable of being reproduced just as he saw it. He took up the idea, and, with the help of some of his rich friends, produced his first panorama in Leicester Square in 1789. It was a view of London from the Albion Mills at the south end of Black-friars Bridge by Thomas Girtin. This was followed by the Fleet at Spithead, and the Bay of Naples. Several years later the Battle of Waterloo was produced. Jerusalem was a popular subject, and was painted twice. The Battle of the Nile, Trafalgar, the Coronation of George IV, and Pompeii were also shown.

Another series was shown at what was called the Eidophusicon, in the Haymarket. It started with a view of London from Greenwich Park; but, later, seems to have shown scenes, giving "startling atmospheric effects, conflagrations". There was a storm at sea with a shipwreck which advertised: "Satan and Pandemonium, Milton's great Hall of Demons." A learned dog and musical glasses were among the sideshows there. The conflagrations evidently became too realistic, for the place was burnt down in the last year of the 18th century. Reynolds and Gainsborough patronised this show.

The panorama developed into the Diorama, which greatly excited the people. It consisted of a huge picture, of which parts were transparent, in order to give different lighting effects, such as moonlight, sunshine, and lightning. The first diorama, which came from Paris in 1832, was shown at Regent's Park. It consisted of two great pictures set up side by side in gigantic frames, each 80 feet wide and 40 feet high.

One of the first two pictures thus exhibited was of the interior of Canterbury Cathedral; and it is recorded that £200 were collected in one day. A few years later the destruction of York Minster by fire was shown. This picture caused great excitement on account of its lighting effects, which were so realistic that one day the scenery caught fire and the place was destroyed.

Then came the exhibition of continuous scenes, something like the present cinema

showing a panoramic view. The first picture of this kind that was advertised as being four miles long, and that took one hour and a half to display, was that of the Mississippi, shown at Savile House, Leicester Square, in 1849. Another picture was the ascent of Mont Blanc, shown at the Egyptian Hall. This picture was shown 528 times and attracted nearly 200,000 people.

In the Gallery of Illustrations in Regent Street was shown a picture, advertised thus: "The husbandman will be found pursuing his useful toil from seed-time to harvest; his occupation in the field from the earliest budding spring to the gathering of the ripe, golden crops; his more serious duties, his church and his God, form prominent features in the illustration.

"The sports of the field, pertaining to the highest classes, as followed by them in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the peasant's pastime, his Maypole and rustic dance, enjoyed after the labour of the day, are not omitted.

"Grand moving diorama of the Overland Route to India—daily at 12, 3, and 8."

This was shown more than 1600 times, and over a quarter of a million people went to see it.

Another moving diorama, illustrating the routes of a tour through Europe, was shown by Charles Marshall in the Tourist Gallery at Her Majesty's Concert room, Haymarket. It was accompanied by "descriptive lecture and appropriate music". It may be supposed that the idea of modern *lantern lectures* originated from this.

Another place of attraction was the Coloseum, built on the model of the Pantheon at Rome, by Horner in 1824, which contained a panoramic view of London as seen from above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This was an enormous picture covering nearly 50,000 sq. feet and was said to be the biggest painting in Britain. A second picture was afterwards exhibited showing the same view of London by night with moon-light effects.

There was exhibited in another building a cyclorama of Lisbon, showing in ten scenes the terrific spectacle of the great earthquake of 1755, "the uplifting sea and o'ertoppling city, and all the frightful devastation of flood and fire, accompanied by characteristic performances on the Appollonicon." This Appollonicon was a huge musical instrument built on the principle of the organ, but representing all the instruments of a full wind orchestra.

Besides these picture-shows, there were in Old London numerous other amusements and galleries or museums, as we would call them nowadays, that captivated Old Londoners with astonishment. A huge model of the Earth, with its surface, was built in Leicester Square in 1851. "Models of inventions, works of art, and specimens of novel manufacture" were exhibited at a gallery of Practical Science, near the Strand in 1832. It was at the Polytechnic, established in imitation of the Gallery of Science, in Regent Street, exhibiting various mechanical and electrical apparatus, that Leon Foucault repeated his famous experiment proving the "rotation" of the Earth. But the popular amusement here was a side-show that produced a ghost before the audience.

In these and several other places, mechanical toys were the objects of great amusement and attraction. There were many automatons, such as a boy who wrote and drew with a pencil, a magician who answered questions, a chess player, a rope-dancer, a singing nightingale, an "invisible girl" who sang, and flute-players. The famous Egyptian Hall, and Madame Tussaud's great exhibition of wax figures, "renowned for the numerous groups of characters, great as explorers for the world's guidance, great as political leaders and adventurers, great as soldiers and sailors on whom the world will look with admiration, great as villains at whom the world shudders"—set up in Marylebone Road, were also places of great attraction for the people of London of long ago.

DR. ANNIE BESANT

The death of this "warrior spirit" has removed from our midst a veteran, whose name might almost have been conjured with at one time. She was, as Mr. Jinarajadasa puts it, orator, teacher, leader, fighter, woman, mother, and saint of God. As her friend said of her: "She made men. That is the testimony of so many of us, who have stood near her, rejoicing to be of her company of fighters. She has indeed 'made' us, teaching us how to plan for victory after each defeat, how to trust in ourselves, because she trusted us."

She was a very far-seeing woman. As Bernard Shaw said of her: "Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual; she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken."

To many people, the value of Dr. Besant's life was undermined by her changes of faith and policy. But nothing could obscure her force of personality, her immense powers of organisation and executive, her wonderful resourcefulness and her keen desire for service. Her work was a strenuous one. Mr. Jinarajadasa mentions in his life of her, that she was more Irish than English by birth. She married a clergyman when she was twenty. As she grew older, she seceded from the Christian tradition and became a *Free-thinker.* She left her husband, with whom her life had become a tragedy. Her first struggle was for the liberty of the Press and the right of the public, over the pamphlet on Birth-control, known as the *Knowlton* pamphlet. In 1879, at the age of 33, she matriculated; in 1881, she passed the Intermediate. She gave lectures in Science and Politics to workmen; and in 1885, she joined the Fabian Society.

After some time, she became dissatisfied with Free Thought, and came into contact with Madame Blavatsky. She became her disciple, with the idea of 'dealing with the root of all evils in the light of laws, which govern all existence, so that every evil could be eliminated as the result of new out-flowings of the streams of life." She began to work among the Theosophists, whose President she became in 1907, after the death of Col. Olcott. Her wonderful oratorical power gave her a great influence in her aim to "make Theosophy practical." She travelled to many countries of Europe, during the course of her duties.

She came to India only in 1893, though she had often talked of it as her "motherland" and had advocated its cause in a pamphlet as early as 1875. The religious life of India strangely attracted her; and she was able to expound its old philosophy with wonderful intuition. She thus became a champion of the "vanished greatness" of India. In 1898, with the help of a group of Indians and foreigners, she founded the Central Hindu College at Benares, and was given the honorary title of Doctor of Letters. Later, she organised the Theosophical Educational Institute.

Dr. Besant had at heart the cause of youth. She organised "The sons and daughters of India", and the Indian Boy Scout movement. She also worked hard for social reform.

The political life of Dr. Besant is well known. She often said she had entered it for the sake of young people, who, because their grievances were not redressed by government, were being attracted by the gospel of violence, She started

newspapers, in which she expounded her views. She drew together the groups of the Indian National Congress into the "All India Home-Rule League." What she thought was the apathy of Britain to India, even after the signal services of the latter in the great war, forced her further into politics. In 1916 and 1917, she was "externed" and "interned" by Government. This raised her popularity so much that, upon her release, she was elected President of the National Congress.

Mahatma Gandhi's campaign of non-co-operation made her disagree with him in certain important aspects. She thus lost some of her popular leadership; but nothing daunted, she started the "National convention" movement, which tried to get into law the "Commonwealth of India" bill, by which India was to become a full Dominion, with certain reservations; but it failed. Thus Dr. Besant pursued a unique line of her own, supporting Government when she felt it right, and denouncing it otherwise.

Dr. Besant's views with regard to "a World Teacher" and Krishnamurthi are known. She believed in *Yoga* power, and interested herself much in occultism. She also became associated with the French "Supreme Council of universal co-masonry."

She was always a great promoter of schemes for the advance of women. She encouraged the *Swadeshi* movement, and was a great advocate of cottage weaving and other industries. As the Madras Mail said:—"Her programme for the advancement of India was many-sided; but none was more insistent that nations did not thrive by politics alone. India will mourn her passing deeply; for with all her faults she was a great character."

THE CLEAVAGE.

In the sad bosom of eternity
Let this great cleavage rest! In amity
The grass will grow about it, flowers will bloom
And nod their heads over the silent doom;
Gay travellers hand in hand will by it pass,
Yet will not know the secret 'neath the grass;
The sun will shine upon it, and the rain
Will fill the crannies, knowing not the pain;
The winds will sail by laughing in their quest
Of fragrance, and the stars serene will smile
Over it as if on the land o' the blest.
Only you and I wilt know what is
Beneath that smiling surface of calm bliss,
Beneath the benediction of its guile!

SUSI P. DAVID.

himself scarce. Next day, he would be paid the sum promised to him.

The eventual night came. It was, as we cleverly fixed it, a new-moon night. As the dusk settled down, my nerves became taut. This night was to be a landmark in the history of my life. The dawn of next day would see the dawn of a new life, free from domestic squabbles and worry, a life of harmony and felicity. The gloom of the night was rendered worse by a clouded sky, and a high wind rattled the doors and windows. My wife and myself had retired upstairs quite early, and, of course, I had not forgotten to leave the back-door open.

My wife soon fell asleep, but my nerves were tense, and, as the hours crept on, I tossed about in excitement. The clock struck the hour of midnight, and yet, there was no sign. Had the man forgotten? After all this trouble, was the plan to miscarry? Rain had been falling for some time, and perhaps, the man had been stopped by the inclemency of the weather. This conviction gathered strength, as another hour passed without anything happening. A languor, born of the reaction following my previous excitement, gradually stole upon me, and unconsciously I dropped into slumber.

I was dreaming that I was grappling with a burglar seated upon a bull, and that the bull was hitting me repeatedly with his tail. I awoke to find my wife trying to rouse me. I gathered that she had heard some noise in the kitchen and she proposed that we should go down and investigate. I rejoiced. So, the man had kept his word! I saw that the weather had cleared, and the wind and rain had stopped. I turned to my wife and said, with easy assurance, "Don't worry, my dear. I'll go down and confront the thief. You just keep cool and remain here————." Before I could say more, however, she cut me short. "You are wasting precious time in speaking. Let us go at once", and she went down before me.

Somewhat crestfallen, I followed and just as we reached the kitchen, I beheld the burglar—a tall, burly fellow—working with an electric torch and gathering up our silver into a huge bag. Well, he was going one bit further than warranted by my instructions, which directed him simply to move the things about and make a noise. Here, he was striving to heap them into his bag with the greatest possible expedition and very stealthily. I admired the realism of his acting.

It was just then that my wife screamed. The burglar, who evidently had not noticed our arrival—again I admired his acting,—started, put out his torch, and rushed at us. In the profound darkness which followed, I made a false step, slipped, and fell flat, hitting my head on a stone slab. My head swam and everything was obliterated for a time.

* * * *

When I recovered, it was broad daylight, and I was on the bed in our room. I wondered whether I had dreamt all the happenings of the night, but a dull ache in my head and a bandage there proved that I had really passed through them. I wondered what my wife was thinking. As soon as I could get up, I must meet my friend, and pay him the money promised to the actor. What a superb fellow! How cleverly he had stimulated surprise when he saw us! Had it not been for that unfortunate slip which made me unconscious, I might have made a show of pursuing him and proving my resolute courage. What had my wife thought? And, who had taken me up to bed and bandaged my wound? Perhaps, my wife had raised an alarm, and got the neighbours to help and go for the doctor. How that dull pain in the forehead troubled me! Reasoned thought seemed impossible. But where was my wife?

Just then she entered, and I was shocked to see that she had been weeping. Was it concern for me? I marvelled at the depth of love, which had slumbered beneath her apparent contempt. I must really cheer her up, poor thing. Just as I was preparing to greet her gaily, she saw that I was

awake and exclaimed in icy accents, " Why did you forget to close the back-door ? "

Imagine my surprise and pain ! She had chosen this moment, just when I had recovered consciousness, to begin fault-finding. Before I could recover from my surprise, and reply, she continued " Did I not ask you repeatedly whether you had closed the back-door ? Did you not swear that you had done so ? " (It was all true) " Fool, that I was, to have accepted your assurance ! I ought to have gone and seen to that ! "

Curious, illogical nature of women ! She was making a fuss about that back-door, as if her life depended on that, when there were more important things to speak about. I smmoned up as much dignity as I could, and said, "My dear, I never thought that, while I am stretched on this bed of pain, when my whole life is hanging in balance, that you are capable of attacking me—and, more, attacking me on this paltry issue."

My wife darted a scornful glance at me. " You need not put me off by this talk of pain and death", she exclaimed. " The doctor who bandaged your forehead told me that you were only stunned by the fall and had quite a minor contusion and that you will be all right in about two days. But, what you call a petty matter is, to me, rather serious, for it was your failure to close the back-door which gave opportunity to the burglar and which has led to the loss of all our silver vessels—all of them given by my parents." She began to sob again.

I was dumbfounded. Finally, I pieced out from her the whole sordid story. Seeing our approach, the burglar had taken up the bag and rushed towards the door. It was my instinctive recoil from him, which had led to my slip and fall. My wife too had fallen back a little, and the burglar had rushed out. She had tried, too late, to hold him by his cloth, but he had shaken her off and vanished through the back-door with the bag. Then, my wife had raised the alarm. Neighbours had come, and while some of them had helped me to my bed and sent for medical aid, others had followed the path of the burglar—but in vain. The police had also been informed. Everybody had agreed that the burglar had entered through the unfastened back-door, and he had apparently vanished in the dark without leaving a clue behind.

I need not describe to you what I felt. Again, I had believed in the honesty of an individual, and had been punished. Still, I flattered to myself that it would be an easy matter to track the actor, as he was well-known to my friend. My first duty must therefore be to see him. I felt so optimistic of success that I roused myself from the bed, and assured my wife that I was starting at once on the track of the thief. If I expected her to show a thrill of pleased interest, I was disappointed. She merely turned aside, saying " better men have tried already to do that and failed."

I reached my friend's house, and he came out to meet me eagerly. " I was just about to send for you, " he said. I, at once, felt that he had heard everything, and perhaps had already recovered the silver. With a joyful exclamation, I shook him warmly by the hand, and asked " Where have you kept the silver ? "

My friend turned a bewildered face to me. " What are you talking about ? " he asked. " This is no time for joking," he continued, " you know that silly scheme you arranged for a mock-burglary. I was a fool to have entered into the thing. Anyway, just as the man I arranged for it was entering your street in the make-up required for his part, unluckily, he was challenged by a police-constable on his beat. The actor, fearing that his appearance was suspicious, lost his nerve and foolishly fled. But, he was old and feeble, and the pursuing constable young and stalwart. No explanation could save him then, and he was marched in disgrace to the police station. His eager entreaties induced the officer of the station to send for me, and it was not without great

difficulty that I secured his release next morning. I am afraid that you will have to give compensation to the man, and it will have to be at least Rs. 50. Please send it on immediately; otherwise, the fellow might create immense trouble."

I was shocked. All my hopes tumbled to the ground. Then, if the actor we had engaged, had never come to the house, it must have been some real burglar who had seized the opportunity and made a clean haul of my things. I mumbled assent, and hastily returned home. My wife was at the entrance, and rather unkindly asked "Where is the thief? and where are the silver vessels?"

* * * *

We never got back the silver vessels, and I never mention the word "silver" before my wife even now. You ask, "What about the compensation to the actor?" Well, I had to pay him Rs. 70, as the fellow refused to accept anything below that. I could not safely defy him, you know!

BUYING AND SELLING

(A SKETCH)

Have you, dear reader, ever entered a shop with the idea of grasping the psychology of buying and selling? If not, you had better come along with me to the China Bazaar Road, and I'll show you some of the most amusing spectacles a shop can provide. However, I must warn you that, this being a summer month and the time about 11 a.m., the weather is anything but pleasant. But, if you will "weather the weather", I assure you that you will not have come in vain, and you will thank me for making you logically fathom the nervy attitude of the poor men waiting at the counter.

Here we are. Let us hurry along to one of those shops. Don't give yourself away. Here is the shop-keeper. He will give us two seats in a quiet corner. Let's sit and watch all that happens. Do you notice that old and young dames alike are pouring into the shop, for this is the fashionable hour for shopping. Ah! there's a smart young lady entering. She has a companion too.

Young lady—have you got *Swadeshi* voile?

Seller—We have *Swadeshi* and foreign stuff, Madam, anything to suit your taste.

Young lady—But you ought not to keep foreign stuff. Hasn't all the picketing taught you that?

Seller—We can't help it, Madam. There is a great demand for foreign cloth too.

Young lady— People who ask for foreign cloth ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Seller— That's not for me to say, Madam. We must note on which side our bread is buttered. In these days of depression, people ask for foreign stuff, because it is cheaper.

Young lady—Is there need to talk so much? Will you show me that green stuff? (Turning to her companion) It's a pretty shade, dear, isn't it? It will go very well with my yellow Benares sari.

Companion—That it will

Young lady to the seller—Are you sure this is made in India?

Seller—Yes, made in Bombay, you see, by the mark on it.

Young lady—Oh! but lots of cheap Japan cloth are dumped down as Swadeshi now-a-days.

Seller—No Madam, see the trade mark.

Young lady—I don't believe in trade marks.

Seller—How many yards of the green voile do you require, Madam ?

Young lady—You seem to be in a great hurry. I don't want the green voile, thanks; besides they sell the same stuff cheaper next door. (Turning to her companion) Let's go to the other shop, dear.

And immediately they make their exit.

Then an old lady enters, followed by a young girl.

Old lady—Will you show me some Madura saries?

Seller—Yes, Madam.

He brings out a dozen saries.

Old lady—I don't like these colours.

Seller—We have got some more, Madam.

Old lady—(impatiently) Then, why don't you show them? How are we to choose what we want, if you keep all the saries inside.

Seller—Sorry, Madam.

And off he goes to bring back dozens of saries, and piles them on the counter.

Young girl—(enthusiastically) Buy the orange sari. It is gorgeous.

Old lady—My husband hates bright colours. He likes me to wear only brown and slate.

Young girl—That is a pity. The orange looks beautiful.

Old lady—I would like to ask my husband and then buy the sari. Can I take it on approval?

Seller—Sorry, Madam, but our terms are strictly cash.

Old lady—How disappointing, and I did so want the orange sari.

Young girl—Then why not buy it?

Old lady—Oh ! but supposing my husband doesn't like the colour ?

Seller—It is cheap Madam, only Rs.7-8-0.

Old lady—But I can't waste Rs. 7-8-0 in these hard times.

Seller—Times are hard for us too, Madam.

Old lady—I'm sorry.

Seller—Which sari will you choose, Madam.

Old lady—Which would you suggest ?

Seller—Here's a nice brown sari with a beautiful border.

Old lady—It's such an ugly brown.

Seller—Then, why not choose pink ?

Old lady—I hate pink. It's such a common colour.

Seller—Which will you choose, Madam? Here's a pretty buff-coloured sari.

Old lady—I don't care for any of these. I did so much want to take the orange sari on approval. (Then looking at the time) Oh! It's 12 o'clock and I meant to go to the Dentist at 12. What a tiresome thing shopping is! I have no time to choose now. I shall come another day. Meanwhile, try to keep the orange sari. I'm keen on buying it.

With these words, she hurries out of the shop, the young girl promptly following her.

KAMALINI.

WHAT NEXT?

What is the most characteristic feature of the modern age? Why, surely no one will hesitate in saying that it is the era of the emancipation of women. History can boast of no other period when women have progressed or "degenerated," as some old-fashioned people may say, to such an extent as now. Years hence, when the rights of women have been achieved and made secure by the ardent women reformers of to-day, girls will probably say, "Oh yes, the Twentieth Century was a wonderful age. What would our status have been now, if not for the women of those days?"

Are not the demands of women and their search for thrills and sensations, however, rather inclined to revolutionise the world a little too much? One cannot help wondering what is going to happen to the up-bringing of children, and where the modern craze is going to lead women in their desire for originality in dress and action.

Taking the home, it is clear that the modern woman is rather bored with such an institution. Quiet hours with her husband and children are a pleasure which the woman of to-day does not often appreciate. Restlessness and a longing to be always doing something have warped some women's minds and their affections are not deep enough to allow them to find pleasure in the company of their own family. Hence, the marriage tie is loosening its hold.

The bringing-up of children is also of not such paramount interest to the mother as it used to be in the past. It has either become stereotyped and prosaic, or has dwindled down to carelessness. A woman is either crazy about psychological methods of training, and thus dwarfs much of her common-sense and the dictates of her own heart, or else, she is too interested in outside occupations to trouble abeut personal supervision of her children, and leaves them in the hands of servants or governesses.

And what of the modern woman's dress and her elaborate make-ups? Where is she going to stop, or is she steadily leading the way back to the days of Adam, as seems evident by the popularity of nudism that is gaining such rapid ground? At the slightest rise of temperature in Europe, women find an excuse to dress in bathing costumes and parade the streets. Tired of their own feminine dress, they pose to the camera man in men's attire, their faces thick with powder and paint. So far is the desire to be original leading them that they have detachable eye-lashes, and finger-nails, and change the shape of their eyebrows. Is there much that is natural left in the modern woman? Is it not a case of superficial artificiality with very little genuineness within, except in a few cases?

Lastly, there is the search for individual happiness, which has progressed so much, that many a woman seeks her own comfort and pleasure to the detriment of other considerations. In a frantic quest to be in the lime-light and to break records, we hear of wonderful deeds done by women all over the world. They are admired to a certain extent; but are these modern qualities of bravado and selfish pleasure-seeking in any way better than those womanly qualities that our mothers and grand-mothers could boast of?

Let us survey the women of the world rapidly. Many of the women of America, England and France seem to have one aim in view, which is to rise up and claim their rights, to have a good time and to show that women are the ruling force in this world. Russia has worked out a new moral code, different to the rest of the world, where women have found a place in the State, which has satisfied their longings,

and where they are neither ignored nor suppressed. Germany, under the Hitler regime, has suddenly met with a re-action, and women are being driven back to their homes, and made to realise that the house is the only place for them. Japan is bravely struggling on toward freedom, and women are striving to break the old regime and make their importance felt, and India is trying to do the same, but her difficulties are so great, and her old-world habits have taken such firm route, that it is hard indeed to step forward.

To a looker-on, this state of affairs all the world over is indeed unique, and one wonders what is going to happen next.

ROHINI.

INDIAN DANCING

That dignity and grandeur can combine as well with romance as with mystery, and that such a harmony belongs especially to India, was proved by the exhibition of Uday Shankar's dances in Madras. They took one's breath away, at least they did mine. And what pleased some people most was the clean and decent (I use the word advisedly) atmosphere of the whole exhibition. English producers of Indian dances will do well to take a lesson from Uday Shankar. Their practice usually is to depict the dancers as almost nude, appealing very much to the sex instinct. There was nothing of that sort here. There was no attempt at bizarre attraction at all; there were only beauty of costume, harmony of colour and grandeur of motion. The uninformed observer missed, of course, the meaning of the gestures employed, which appeared peculiarly innocent, quiet and matter-of-fact. There might have been many mistakes in technique, production and interpretation but the general effect was a pleasant one.

The ladies with Uday Shankar have caught his spirit splendidly. Everything was lightness, suppleness, charm, beauty and grace. Combined with this was artistic techinque, "the sovereign mastery of the bodily means of expression which goes so far, that every muscle takes part in this astrounding lauguage of the body. The flowing, easy and almost unreal play of the head, the neck, the hands, the toes and the legs, produce a whole orchestra of feelings." The various dances thrilled the absolutely-silent audience, and made them long for the regime of ancient days, when all was simple-hearted wonder at the mystery of heaven and the majesty of the Gods. The *Tandava Nrittya* (Siva dance) was a specially attractive piece. One great thing to be noticed in these dances was the suitability of the musical instruments to each dance, though it must be admitted that some of them were too noisy and rather primitive. And for that, Uday Shankar's determination is alone responsible, which was that he should choose Indians and Indian music to interpret India. Yet, there were none of the "voluputuous vagaries," or "vulgar contortions" usually belonging to nautch dancing, which make it sometimes so disagreeable to a certain type of people.

Shankar's dances are classically Indian in tone; and he has based them a good deal on a sympathetic consideration of the Ajanta cave paintings. In addition, his training in England, together with his study of painting, have combined to give him perfection and charm.

Uday Shankar belongs to the city of Udayapur. His father was Pandit Shyam Shankar, Private Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja of Jhalawar. From childhood, Uday showed signs of artistic genius, which were encouraged by his people; and he was able to go to England and graduate with honours from the London Royal College of Arts. He won prizes for two paintings. He was also a good musician. Uday however had always been an advocate of the classic dance of ancient India, and

he had studied the dance-forms of the paintings of Ajanta. So, he was helped to choose his destiny, when he was hesitating between painting and dancing. Encouraged by several friends, he was fortunate enough to catch the attention of Madame Pavlova, the great Russian dancer. Attracted by his figure, which "was perfect for dancing", she chose him to help her in the production of her ***Radha-Krishna Ballet.*** She said,

"In this ballet, we all have learnt from Uday Shankar. He taught me how to dance; he has designed the costumes; he has arranged the scenes; in short, the Ballet is his creation."

In spite of his success, however, Uday Shankar longed to interpret his own country in dance. He left Pavlova and settled in Paris. There he sought for and studied for four years, in libraries and museums, the dance-science of India, even while he was almost starving. But the clouds lifted after a while; in 1928, he began to give his own recital and met with success after success in many capitals of Europe. But still he felt that Western orchestras could never supply the music for his dances. So, he returned to India; chose his own company of Indian musicians and dancers, and returned to Europe. With his head-quarters at Paris, he visits different countries and gets a welcome everywhere. "If one's eyes are cultured enough," says a critic, "and his ears are delicate enough, he cannot fail to notice that there are lofty moments of sheer loveliness in the dance-art of Shankar, when his feet dance on the very heart of music; his arms dance with the music that is hidden in the very soul of beauty; and his eyes dance with the animated rays of the mystery music of the cosmos. At such moments of dynamic intensity and ineffable beauty, music itself becomes dance; and Uday Shankar becomes dance itself."

Dr. Tagore was so interested in Uday's dancing that he sent him the following message:—

"There was a time when in the heart of our country, the flow of dance followed a buoyant life. Through passage of time that flow is choked up, leaving us bereft of the spontaneous language of joy, and exposing stagnant pools of muddy impurities. In an unfortunate country, where life's vigour has waned, dancing vitiates into a catering for a diseased mind that has lost its normal appetities, even as we find in the dance of our professional dancing girls. It is for you to give it health and strength and richness."

* * *

How interesting are folk-dances, when well-arranged, and well-exhibited. The ***Modern Review*** mentions some Bengali group dances, recently exhibited in Delhi. In spite of criticisms that the dances of one race might not be of interest to other races, and that dances of primitive agricultural types might not appeal to people of higher culture, the performance aroused a great deal of interest. ***The Rai Beshe*** dance was of the martial type and emphasised the movements of the muscles, combining dignity and energy with pleasure. The ***Dhali*** dance was also a martial one and portrayed the movements of warriors in battle. The ***Kathi*** dance claimed to be a classical one, and had a fine rhythm of its own. The ***Jari*** dance combined nimble steps, harmony of pose and beautiful rhythm.

It is interesting to note that this exhibition, arranged by Mr. G. S. Dutt, I.C.S., caused a feeling that such dances should be included in an educational curriculam, for the sake of art, as well as for physical culture. Sri Cowasji Jehangir said that "a new educational horizon has been unveiled by the performers of these Bengali folk dances." We are glad that the movement is being opened out in fields out-side ***Bengal.***

KAMALA.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

1. Social service for women

The Statesman sometime ago mentioned the review of the work of women's social organisations in Calcutta, made by speakers at a meeting of the Bengal Presidency Council of Women and the All India Medical Women's Conference. It was mentioned that this council had been formed to co-ordinate the work, and to do service through existing associations. *The All-Bengal Women's Union* had some part in getting the Bengal Suppression of Immoral Traffic Bill passed; though it was not exactly what they had asked for, still, it gave them work to do in starting hostels for the rescued.

The Society for the Protection of Children in India had been active.

The Bengal league of Social service for women, mentioning the high infant and maternity morality in India, said that social work could be properly done only by medical training in subjects like civics, economy, etc.; hence, training schools for such were being started.

The Indian association of Mental Hygiene was becoming very popular. The Tuberculosis Association was striving to combat the dread disease. There was not enough room for the segregation of infective cases; but much could be done by spreading the gospel of the prevention of this plague.

2. The All-India Women's Conference, Calcutta, had its half-yearly meeting, at which progress was reported. There were given lectures on Arithmetic and Bengali reading and literature, arranged by the *Refresher courses sub-committee.* Parks were being thrown open for the use of ladies and children; health-sheets and letters suggesting help for medical inspection were sent to schools; adult classes were carried on three times a week.

Addresses were given on social subjects, like the Hindu widow's inheritance bill, the Sarada act, the franchise, divorce reform and the suppression of immoral traffic.

The *Bustē* improvement Sub-committee has been doing good work, such as the starting of adult female night-schools. Arrangements were also made for the next session during the Christmas week.

3. The Lady Reading Hospital for women and children, Simla, has made good progress, according to its ninth annual report. A new feature has been the use of the Jubbal-Irwin wing, financed by the Raja of Jubbal, who also gave donations towards other work. New buildings for nurses were being built, having been generously provided for by a donation of Rs. 5000 from H. E. Lady Willingdon. What was needed now was a good, open and sunny ward for children.

4. Indian women's franchise.

Some dissatisfaction has been felt by, what was called by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, "the cavalier treatment accorded to us in official quarters;" even while there was pleasure at "the reception of our case by large bodies of progressive women in the country." The need for the urgency of extension of women's franchise is keenly felt, as the *Manchester Guardian* says; but how to do it has not yet been definitely suggested. Politicians are too busy with the Nationalist movement to pay much attention to the needs of women. The question seems to have been shelved somewhat; but there is a great danger in delay. Women certainly do not wish the new constitution to be formed without adequate representation of themselves.

We need exact and particular suggestions, which are at the same time practical and possible. Men's votes are being extended by allowing less property and educational

qualifications and by admitting trade unionists. Such improvements, however, do not much effect Indian women. There are also many disadvantages in the two suggestions already made, that the wives of men-voters, and that all women of urban areas, should be enfranchised. Yet there is no doubt at all that more women's voices must be raised in questions of urgent importance to them, as part of the nation. The obvious course is to advance the education of women, give them more property, get them included in trade unions. There must also be trouble taken to educate public opinion in the matter of women's public work. Some of the points raised at the select committee with regard to this matter deserve consideration. One is that some Indian women seem to have objections to give necessary information about themselves to officials, who wish to have them enrolled. Besides, the husbands in some places have a prejudice against giving the names of their wives, and *vice versa*. There will also be a difficulty in receiving applications from women, which would, most of them have to be done personally. There would thus be great trouble and difficulty in drawing up a roll of women, especially in rural areas. In all such questions, therefore, there will be great need for the education of women. But all that means time. In the mean-while, urgent suggestions are needed, and the women's point of view should be kept open before the public.

5. Women's Institutes in Ceylon.

A lecture on this subject, as a Ceylon paper states, was delivered broadcast by Miss L de Fonseka. Two years ago, the first Samitya or *Woman's Institute*, was opened in Ceylon. With a central board in Colombo holding quarterly meetings, there were provincial committees, which opened Institutes in other places; the Honorary Secretary for such was usually the village school-mistress. These institutes have been of much use to peasant women, through talks on agricultural subjects. Market-gardening has been improved by competitions; old cottage industries and home-crafts have been renewed; and interest has been awakened in health-problems and mother-craft. The following is a synopsis of the Samitya leaflet:

"It will unite women of all races, of all creeds, of all communities in a common bond of friendship. It is a group of women in country districts, who meet at regular monthly intervals for mutual help and friendly intercourse. The members study how to increase and improve their home-grown food crops, and how to use them to the best advantage. They consider national questions such as infant welfare, sanitation, prevention of disease, etc. They learn the value and the interest of co-operative effort. They learn to make many useful and beautiful things for their homes or for sale. The Samitya is a centre of social life in the village. The Mahila Samityas are non-sectarian and non-political. They are all part of one great whole, the Lanka Mahila Samiti, and are open to all women in country districts."

6. Mixed marriages.

These seem to be considered a great danger to the Parsee community. The *Times of India* mentions a meeting of nearly 5000 Parsees to consider the question. The tendency of Parsi men to marry non-Parsi women was deprecated; and it was afformed that there was no reason why Parsi women should follow the example. The results in the case of women were much worse than in the case of men, for the latter, with their children, would be no more members of the Parsi community, but be made to join that of their husbands. The Parsi ideal of women was in danger of being undermined by the laxity in Western Countries.

"A woman's chief work is in her family, and her chief virtues are modesty and devotion. A women who is modest in dress, speech and behaviour, honours her parents, elders and husbands, works lovingly in her family and lives respectably, is really worthy to be honoured according to our holy religion."

Therefore, Mr. M.P. Kharegat said that it was the duty of "parents, teachers, and all members of the community not to put wrong ideas into the minds of children, but to explain to them their duties towards their religion, God, family and community, and teach them how to carry them out, and prevent in-experienced girls from having familiar intercourse with men of other communities."

In the modern era of internationalism, such resolutions seem to savour of unnecessary rigidity and dogmatism. Though many Parsi leaders said distinctly that they did not in any way mean ill-will to other communities, one deprecates such an attitude; yet still, every one must act according to his own taste, and every race knows its own needs.

7. An Indian girl as chess champion.

It is very gratifying to note the success of Miss Fatima in chess, who actually has become the British women's chess champion. She won nine games, drawing the other, out of ten; four of ten opponents were ex-champions. Miss Fatima is twenty-one, and she started to play chess only two years ago. She says she likes it "even better than dancing." We congratulate her and wish her further succes.

8. Crimes against women.

We are glad to note from the *Modern Review* that H.E. the Governor of Bengal has emphasised the need for agitation to reduce *offences against* women, which he calls "a peculiarly cowardly form of crime, regarding which one perhaps hears more now-a-days than previously. Bengal was not worse than any other district in that respect; but the point had to be faced. There were peculiar difficulties to tackle, but the British Government had to provide even-handed justice in this matter as in others."

In Lahore also, the evil seems great, and the Hindu Youth's League has strongly called attention to the matter. A big public meeting was held, and an Indian lady-doctor asked Hindu youths "not to care for the indifference of the big people, but rather to gird up their loins to fight the evil."

9. We are happy to hear that Mrs. Hensman has been made a member of the university council of Mysore. This is the first time a woman has been appointed to that post and we congratulate her heartily. Mrs. Hensman has already been doing very good work as Principal of the Women's Intermediate College of Bangalore, her services being lent from Mysore, where she is the Principal of the Maharani Women's College. It is good that Mysore is so rapidly recognising the value of women workers.

* * *

We congratulate Mrs. W. H. Theobald, who is already a Municipal Councillor in Mysore, on being nominated to serve on the Advisory committee for Mysore Railways.

* * *

We are glad to note from *the Hindu* that a model English school for Moslem girls is to be started at Dacca.

* * *

The Vocational Institute for women in Mysore, has actually sent up some pupils to appear for the special needlework examination of the *City and Guilds of London Institute.* 26 out of 29 candidates passed, 15 securing a first class. This same institute is also preparing pupils in Hindi, opening Nursery schools, with sections for dumb girls.

* * *

The women of Ceylon have been able to get an ordinance allowing women to enter the legal profession

* * *

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Jawaherlal has organised a women's service in right earnest at the Cawnpore Harijan Seva Sangh.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we record the news of a donation of Rs. 3,200 for the addition of an eye clinic to the main

Hospital of Bilaspur. The magnanimous donor is the Rani Sahiba of Pandania estate, C. P. More philanthropists like this lady are needed everywhere in India now.

* * *

We read in the *Mahratta* that the Rani Sahiba of Sangli writes as follows in her preface to Mr. Chiplunkar's book about women :—

"Women's role in society as the complement of man need in no way be looked down upon. That the true mission of woman is to be the friend, comfort and support of man, rather than his competitor in the race of life, does not at all detract anything from her position and self- respect; on the contrary it adds to the nobility of her sex."

* * *

The first International Congress of women, was a great success. The delegates of twenty-six countries met at Chicago to discuss the new place of woman in the world. There were well-known women, like Margaret Bondfield, the only woman ever on an English Cabinet; Rachel Croudy, once on the League of Nations; Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi of Madras; Baroness Ishimoto from Japan; and Selma Ekram from Turkey. There were many problems discussed. The results of introducing monogamy in Turkey were talked about, such as illegitimate children, old maids and wild young girls. The position of women under the present economic crisis was discussed; and it was laid down that woman on the whole should be on a more equal footing with man.

* * *

It is interesting to note, from the *Hindu* that an all-women's polo match was held for the first time at Ranelagh, that seat of one of the most conservative clubs of the West. The match was between the National School of Equitation and South-down (Brighton). The energy of the women in asking for two more "chukkers", after the time limit was up, was wondered at. The riding of many of the ladies was much admired, though some of the older men grumbled that "women have no right to ride so well." Capt. Neale hopes to make the game more popular among women. He has already fifteen members under training, and hopes to produce several new teams.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

India's Women after a Conference.

Critics of conferences are sharp with their tongues in remarking on the time spent by women in talking! Be it noted that men spend just as much time in talking as women (if not more?)! But, granted that we talk, there is abundant evidence that we work also, and are more conscientious than men, when we take our courage in our hands, join a Conference or Council, and open our lips at it in defiance of old customs, because we feel that the present state of things in the world demands our help. We women, who had been in conference at Anandagiri, the Y. W. C. A. Conference place, had indeed talked because we had come from all parts of India, Burmah and Ceylon from America, from Australia, Denmark, England and New Zealand, and had wanted to know each other's minds and what was needed in the Y. W. C. A. organisation for the different mentalities of different nations, and what better service we could render to the increasing number of girls who enter into industrial life, from the little girls who pick and pluck and pack tea on our Indian hills, to the tiny children who are forced into the insanitary, crowded and dangerous areas of industry, at a time when Industrialism threatens to bring new conditions into every land for weal or woe. There was regret expressed that, owing to the financial situation, no vote could be

taken to repeat the Naigaum experiment near Bombay, and to appoint a further National Secretary to organise Y. W. C. A. extension work of this sort; but Miss Hawkins was appointed for the present as adviser and we were to seek to make known among young women, who could volunteer, our need for helpers.

The finding of the Conference was:

"It recommends that work among schoolgirls be a part of the general work of the Association; that close co-operation be maintained between schoolgirl and student, and between student and general membership; that former schoolgirl and student members, no longer in touch with any branch, be urged to join the scattered membership of the Association; and that voluntary leaders be formed in each district area, to develop the scattered membership."

Such girls will be the wives of employers of labour, of Zamindars and other men of influence, and they will be able to influence their husbands' action for the provision of better conditions among their employees.

The provision of clubs, educative, religious and recreational, is another plan by which the Y. W. C. A. seeks to provide many girl-employees and professional women with places of social intercourse. On a hill of Ooty, is a charming spot, which the Y. W. C. A. possesses for holiday and recreational purposes; and here may be seen, morning and evening, on the tennis-courts below, a practical demonstration of what the Y. W. C. A. provides in many small places. The Blue Triangle Club meets in these premises, finds friendship and a widening interest, after hard work in a business house. An interesting "At Home" was held at which the members were aroused to their responsibilities of membership and told of the development of the Blue Triangle Club under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Gillman. To show the appreciation of the young members, we append below the impromptu song which was composed by one of them for the occasion;

The Blue Triangle Club Song

We're the girls of the Great Blue Triangle,
The sign with its corners three,
That all thro' the years have stood for
Truth, Love and Loyalty.
If you're ever bored and weary,
We'll tell you what you must do—
Join the Club of the Great Blue Triangle
And you'll promptly cease feeling blue.
Three cheers for our dear Blue Triangle,
Three cheers for our dear B. T. C.
'Tis the Club that makes every one happy,
The Club of the bright B. T.
We belong to the great Blue Triangle
The Club that is famed far and near,
For linking us lassies together
In friendship and good cheer.
We work and we play and are merry,
We learn to take and to give,
To brighten our own small corner
Of the world in which we live.

The special feature of the Conference was the large number of Indian delegates, and the eighth finding was passed with great unanimity:

"The Conference recommends that the future deve'opment of the Association should be along indigenous lines as far as possible; that a great effort should be made to secure voluntary leaders, and train secretaries, who have a good knowledge of the language and of the background of the people among whom the work is done; that voluntary leadership should be encouraged, and training courses, camps, or week-end conferences, arranged for these members; that efforts should be made to secure voluntary translation secretaries in different language areas, and that they, through the medium of existing Christian periodicals, or by their own translations, should provide information regarding the work of the Y. W. C. A.

Any one wishing to help, or to hear more, should write to the National General

Secretary, Miss Begge, National Office, 134, Corporation Street, Calcutta, and ask for a visit from the Field General Secretary, Miss Wilson, who will be travelling round.

Another suggested way was a subscription for a copy of the new Periodical "Every Member", a few annas a year including postage.

There are still many subjects to which the directions of members must continually through the next Quadrennium be called, subjects which specially affect women and the home life of the future. Our membership must remain awake to these, and enlist the help of all other women in pro-*moting the better conditions enjoined in* the closing recommendations :

(*a*) That the danger of condoning a less-than-living wage level through the housing and feeding work carried on by the Association, be fully faced before acquiring new buildings, or receiving gifts of money for such purposes;

(*b*) That in undertaking any social work, the Association be aware of the need of attacking the causes of social evils, rather than bringing palliatives to existing conditions."

EMILY KINNAIRD.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) A Story.

It was a stifling day, for the clouds had gathered in the sky, and, like a thick blanket of dark grey, they enveloped the hot earth. Thunder was in the air, and a big storm was brewing.

Sarala, who had just returned from school, had taken her tea, and was standing on the front door-step, gazing lethargically at the still trees outside. Her friends in the next compound would be playing those happy riotous games of which she was so fond, but today, some how, she felt much too weary to join them.

"I'll stay at home and play with Rollo," she said to herself. "And then perhaps mother will read me a story before I go to bed. I wish mother would come back from her meeting, through. Why do I feel as if something terrible is going to happen ?"

Then, she went through the empty house, calling for Rollo, her little dog ; but nowhere could she find him.

"Why, where on earth can he be," she thought, and went once more to the front door to see if he was in the garden. Then, all of a sudden, she saw a small fluffy little animal wedge its way through an opening in the gate, and in a streak he was out, alone in the wide world.

Sarala, in a panic to see her beloved little pet let loose on the streets, at the mercy of humming ears and raging dogs, called to the servants to come to the rescue.

"Govind, Govind, Bakyam, Veera, come here at once; Rollo has run out of the gate—he's lost, come at once—hurry, hurry !"

In a flash, the servants came running out ; but alas, they were too late, for the dog was not to be seen; and, just as the servants were preparing to go down the road, a loud report was heard from the opposite house, where lived an ugly old angry man, who hated dogs, and always boasted that he would shoot any dog that came near him.

"Oh, oh," cried Sarala. "He has shot my dog—my own little Rollo. What shall I do, what shall I do ?" and just then, there was a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and the rain came down in torrents.

"Saralamma, run back, go in, " cried Bakyam, the old Ayah. "Govind and Veera will look for the dog. You are getting

Miss SAROJINI MATHAN aged 6, daughter of Prof. Manmohanlal, of Amritsar, who delighted large audience recently with her dancing.

(Photo by the Indian News Agency, Srirangam.)

A BRILLIANT STUDENT.

Miss Monica Dutt, B.A., B.T., was the first lady graduate from the Christian Dutt Family of Rambagan. She is the great niece of the late Miss Toru Dutt, the Bengali poetess. She was educated at Calcutta, and went to England in 1931, with a scholarship from the All-India Women's Educational Association. There she took her Teacher's Training at the Maria Grey Training College at Cambridge. She has been trained in Music also, having passed the Senior Trinity College Examination. She has had, in addition, a physical training course at the Y. W. C. A. We wish her success in her tuition at the Victoria Girls' High School.

wet," and she hurried her young mistress in, while Govind and Veera, poor boys, went in the rain to the old man's house in front, for they were very fond of Rollo, and very afraid that he had been shot.

In the meanwhile, Sarala, with tears in her eyes, went indoors, and anxiously waited for her mother to come back. Each minute seemed like an hour, and the terrible dread that her dog was dead, out there in the rain, made her almost choke.

Every evil hour, however, comes to an end, and just as the lightning was becoming brighter and the thunder more fearsome, came the hoot of a motor-car in the distance, and five minutes later Sarala was telling her tale of woe.

"I'm sure there must be some mistake," said her mother. "No man can be so cruel as to kill a dog just for entering his compound. I'll go and see him at once." And, just as she was getting into the car again, Govind and Veera returned, saying they could not speak to the old man in the opposite house, as he was in a terrible temper, no one dared go near him.

"He has killed my dog. What shall I do, what shall I do?" wailed Sarala, with tears pouring down her cheeks.

"Now, don't worry, dear," said her mother, "Rollo is sure to be all right. Come with me, and we'll go and ask the old man."

So Sarala got into the car, and in the pouring rain they went to the opposite house. What was their surprise to see, just outside the gate, under a tiny shrub, a white blob quivering with fear and shivering with cold.

"What is that?" asked Sarala and the driver took the car near the animal and stopped. Immediately, they heard a whimper of joy, and in a minute there was Rollo wagging his tail and asking to be let in.

"Mummy, there's Rollo," exclaimed Sarala, mad with joy, and in jumped the naughty little dog, all wet with mud and rain.

"I told you he couldn't have been shot," said Sarala's mother. "The old man must have been shooting a flying fox, or a crow."

And so Sarala found her dog again, and returned home happy and contented.

P. SATTHIANADHAN.

(2) A Children's Catechism.

Come to me, child, come to my knee,
Remember these few things—please listen to me:
What was not built in a day? It was Rome!
What is the sweetest spot on the earth? Home!
What must you do to keep care away?
Just dash into fun and frolic and play!
What is the aim that must prejudice kill?
To treat every man as brother-man still!
Whom must we call the richest man? Well,
He who wears contentment as a bright jewel!
How must one travel life's uneven miles?
With head erect, with smiles, and more smiles!

(3) A Game for Children.

Arrange articles, which suggest flowers, as list below, on a table. Number them, and provide a slip of paper and pencil to each guest for guessing the names of the flowers:—

1. A cup of butter. *Buttercup.*
2. Picture of a person's mouth. *Tulips.*
3. Picture of several flocks of sheep, or two pictures of one flock of sheep. *Phlox.*
4. Several rows of toothpicks. *Rose.*
5. A watch or clock set at four o'clock. *Four-o'clock.*
6. A fox fur and a glove. *Foxglove.*
7. Picture of a snow-capped mountain. *Snow-on-the-mountain.*

8. Peas in a dish of sugar. *Sweet peas.*
9. A pea placed on a large printed E. *Peony.*
10. A small horn together with a piece of vine. *Trumpet vine.*
11. Two pans followed with the letter E. *Pansy.*
12. Cut from a magazine a large letter E and place it under a cut-out M. *Anemone.*

(From the *Treasure Chest*)

(4) Our letter to our young people.

DEAR CHILDREN,

As important an item in a human being's life as working, eating, drinking and sleeping, is the taking of exercise. Today, educational institutions are beginning to realise the importance of sport and physical training, and girls and boys in most schools have to undergo certain forms of set exercises.

Our India, however, has not got enough sportsmen, and still less sportswomen of fame. We, when young, fail to realise that one ought to strive and win glory in some sort of game or another, just as much as in our studies. Sport leads a nation to glory as much as intellectual triumphs, and it has the extra advantage of building up a sound body and of making us strong men and women.

We ought to, therefore, cultivate efficiency at some form of sport, so that we can, when old enough, bring credit to our country, and win laurels for it. True, we have famous sportsmen today, but how few compared to other nations, and how poorly represented our Indian women are!

Perhaps, in the next generation, when the girls and boys of today have become grown citizens, the story will be a different one, and we shall have famous Indian sportsmen and women representing us all over the world. The best way of achieving this result is to encourage any little aptitude you may have for any particular game in your school days, and then you will be surprised to see how good you will become at that game.

Yours sincerely,

PADDY.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

It is an age-old custom with the average rich Indian woman always to wear a gold chain round her neck. A happily-married Indian woman, or an unmarried girl, must wear at least a bare amount of jewellery, such as ear-rings, a pair of bangles and a necklace, otherwise she will look like a widow.

Indian women also like wearing gold ornaments, as anything cheap ill befits a well-to-do lady. They carry this idea of publicly flaunting their wealth to such an extent sometimes, that they load little children with jewels, until it becomes positively dangerous for a child to be left alone.

It is time, however, for our women to realise that one's birth and wealth should show in one's culture and mode of living, rather than in the price of the clothes and ornaments one wears. Taking this point into consideration, therefore, where is the harm of wearing cheap bead necklaces to match one's sari on occasions that do not need very elaborate dressing? Cheap ornaments, as long as they are not imitations, and show plainly what they really are, look very well indeed for the work-a-day girl or the busy woman.

It is said, however, that the vogue of enormous bead necklaces is over in Europe, and that the fashion this autumn is going to be metal. Women are going to wreath their necks with machine-cut chromium or some metal of the modern age. New necklaces are to be made of

either slender metal chains or thick coils of metal. Whether this fashion will suit our Indian sari or not will have to be seen. In the meantime, it will be rather amusing watching our Western sisters tackle their metal chains.

SISTER SUSIE.

* * * *

Book notes—by a **book-worm.**

1. **The sacred Kural**; H. A. Popley; Association Press, 5. Russel St., Calcutta; Price Rs. 2 and Re. 1-4.

The book provides English translations of selected couplets from the *Kural* or Tamil Veda, by Tiruvalluvar. There are some notes by Mr. Popley, which are quite valuable, in spite of some mistakes of inference and deduction.

* * * *

Thoughts from Rabindranath Tagore; Macmillian & Co., London. This is a valuable collection, culled from Dr. Tagore's English writings, striking the reader with the wonderful simplicity of comparison employed, to elucidate some of the deepest ideas of philosophy.

* * * *

The Rani of Jhansi; a historical play, by Phillip Cox; George Allen and Irwin; price 5sh. This book claims to have two aims; viz., to present historic data in a picturesque manner, and to "bridge the gulf of ignorance and prejudice that separates Britain and India." Mr. Cox compares his gallant and beautiful heroine, Lakshmi Bai, with Joan of Arc. This play, of course, cannot be compared with Bernard Shaw's *Joan of Arc*; but serves its purpose in a fashion.

Mother and Babe; by Lady Clementine Waring; J. P. Putnam; price 5 sh. This book contains poems and passages about children, from the Bible, from French, German and Latin books, from Chinese, Scottish, Irish and Welsh writers. It is a very valuable anthology.

* * * *

Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary; by Sir Edwin Arnold; published by T. S. Swaminathan, Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras; Price Rs. 2-8-0.

This book, published in 1883, has again been given to the public, and contains verses written round the many names of Allah It narrates fine Islamic traditions and stories.

* * * *

Civilizing Ourselves; by Everett Dean Martin; W. W. Norton; price $. 3-0-0 The modern social system is discussed without mercy; and the doctrine laid down that the only salvation in America as a nation and as individuals depends upon the ability to think, to achieve a critical analysis and re-valuation of ideals and illustrations—ancient and modern.

The Way of all Women; by M. Esther Harding; Longmans, Green; Price $. 3-0-0. The book tries to estimate the impress of life on "the primary type of woman." It examines the new type of woman, which may arise and her responses to the modern conditions of life.

(These two books are mentioned in *The Parents' Magazine*, America.)

OBSERVATIONS BY MAITHILI

All over India, there is a great need for social service of every kind. The poor, the sick, the infirm, the mentally-deseased, the maimed, the blind, the leper, all need help. *The Hindu* mentions the efforts of Miss Hawkins at industrial welfare in Bombay. It is interesting to note that she did not start work of that sort, without an intensive training; for social service needs good training of efficient work, as much as other services. She is an M.A., of the Sheffield University. Even in college, she did some service to soldiers, sailors and emigrants; she also was the leader of a group of farm-workers. Later, she was on a staff, which selected women for working in the factory and machine-shop of a munition-working firm. "The work there comprised selecting and engaging women for the factory, looking after their health and safety, arranging any necessary transfers from one job to another, investigating any grievances, dismissals, and only confirming them if satisfied of their rightness, supervising arrangements for provision of food, for ambulance or first-aid rooms, hearing and endeavouring to settle domestic and personal worries and problems. The department also through us had to advise on factory regulations, to study absenteeism, labour turnover, working conditions and anything that in any way concerned the fact of employing women." Then Miss Hawkins worked with an engineering firm, after which she graduated in Industrial Psychology at the London University. She went to Calcutta in 1924, and worked up the *employment bureau* in the Y.W.C.A.there. Then she returned to England and did work for the welfare staff of the *Fine cotton spinners and Doubler's Association of mills.* She came back to India in 1931, and worked up the Naigaum social service in the Y.W.C.A., Bombay. She has also helped the mill-owners of Bombay to improve mill conditions.

*   *   *

The *Stri-Dharma* speaks of the wife of the President of America as a very versatile woman. Mrs. Roosevelt is a great house-keeper, as well as an asset to society. She is a pleasant woman, calm, intelligent, gentle, soothing. She is a great advocate of physical exercise. She can teach, speak, write, edit and organise. She does not allow her life to be restricted by the routine of her husband's office.

She has always been interested in movements of social welfare. She does extensive charity. She is a great advocate of women's rights, saying "It is vital that women should know what are the problems before the nation, and study these problems and work intelligently on solutions." She likes women not only to hold office in public, but also to carry out their responsibilities bravely and effectually.

She has five children and three grand-children. She has brought them up with a great deal of liberty. "I should be very unhappy", she said, "if I thought that in the future the lives of my children were to be restricted or dominated by the fact that their father has been elected to the Presidency. Their lives are their own and it is their essential privilege, their birthright, to keep them so. I have always felt that parents make a wonderful background and every one of us need a background; but I am no believer in parents' retaining the parental attitude as their children grow up. They should try, I think, to switch over to the role of friends—close friends—and if, in that capacity children come to them with their confidences and problems, try to give them the benefit of their experience."

*   *   *

I was amused the other day at coming across the following statement about women in the *Mahabharata.* The characteristics of

the *Kali Yuga* are described. This is the *dark* age, in which there is very little of virtue, and very much of sin. Less of truth, littleness of knowledge, absence of wisdom, dwindling of asceticism will exist together with "avarice, anger, ignorance, desire and enmity." There will be many evils of society. Among such, those connected with women are: "Men will consider their wives as *only* friends. Men and women will become *perfectly* free in their conduct. When this age will come, they will not tolerate one another's acts. The wife will not remain content with her husband. The women will be *very* harsh in speech; they will become *pitiless* and fond of *weeping*. They will *never* obey the orders of their husbands."

What does all the above point to, except the new freedom and scope given to modern women! Is the latter then so reprehensible? It seems to be; and yet consolation can be taken from the thought that such conduct seems to be only in relativity. I think the words, I have underlined, in the quotation above, should be taken into account. For women to be *only* friends to their husbands; for women to be *perfectly* free in their conduct, to be *very* harsh in speech, to be pitiless and *never* to obey their husbands, are certainly reprehensible ideas. But to give up freedom for the sake of its dangers, and for the sake of safety absolutely to go back to the old standards of submission, will be also reprehensible.

* * *

Mr. Anantaramayya Sastri writes thus about *friendship*:

"The word for friendship in tamil is *Anpu*. I wish to elaborate the grandeur that I find in the term.

To begin with, it comes from the demonstrative vowel showing distance, *a*, whereas *Inpu* and *Inpam* originate from the demonstrative vowel showing proximity. In my conception, the Dravidians connoted that which is other-worldly (not in the bad sense) and divine, by *anpu* and that which is binding to this world by *Inpu*. The effectively-reasonable friendship and good-will towards the whole of humanity and the humanitarian treatment of animals is *Perinpam, the big happiness* in this world and particularly in the next.

The *anpu* towards an individual of the different sex with the circumstance of *manam*, marriage, is so very important that the idiom 'he who has *anpu*' means only *husband* and 'she who has *anpu*' means only *wife*.

Some may say, 'perhaps with great truth, that the happiest marriages are those based on friendship rather than on passionate love.' This is part of a sentence culled from *The Times of India*, and *perhaps* is the only word that possibly can be dropped in it.

Where can we expect such a word as *anpu*, connecting the only other life to which we are eligible, with good-will that finds its culmination in matrimony. The husband is also termed *Kanavan*, which I interpret as *the very eye to the wife*."

CINEMA NOTES

What is wrong with Indian Talkies?

We often hear this question discussed in papers. *Sound and Shadow* avers that real "technique and art" have not been at all considered; but only talking, dancing and singing; and even in the latter unnecessary songs are introduced, which spoil the effect of the story. Moreover, it is not right to "cram pictures with the lower type of music under the guidance of sound-engineers, who have no intimate knowledge of it." Surely, if good music is to be encouraged, it should be done carefully. But, at the same time, the point remains, that a Cinema Talkie is not all music.

Again, *Sound and Shadow* deplores the selection made of artists. " Favoritism goes a long way ", it says. Moreover, popular artists in one picture are introduced into others, without considering whether the new role is suitable or not, and without taking into effect that one can be bored with the similarity of acting, which the selected artist is bound to introduce into his several parts.

In vernacular Talkies, there is often the mistake made of introducing costumes and habits, which are not those of the country selected. For instance, discrmination should be used in the fashion of wearing the *sari.* A Telugu lady cannot wear it over her head, as the Bengali and Parsi ones do. This sort of difficulty is especially accentuated in historical films. A Director should know well, not only the language of the country, whose film he is producing, but also its songs and music.

There is no doubt that vernacular talkies are a great attraction now; but how long will the attraction last? The great advantage of such films is that they are in an understandable language to the uneducated man. It is up to Cinema producers to see that it will last always and depend, not merely on curiosity, but also on real interest. There is a vast future picture before our talkies; but it has to be developed with care. One chief feature seems to be that the hurry and confusion of Western films should be avoided. Very often, in such, the story is not at all understood by the ordinary Cinema-goer, since the rapidity with which scene after scene is overlapped and passed over, is very annoying.

An Observer.

Household Hints

Accidents happen to valuable ornaments sometimes, and it is often a problem to the housewife how to clean stains and do away with oil marks. Here are a few hints which I came across in the " Natal Witness," which ought to be of great help to the Indian woman.

1. If oil has spilled over a leather-bound book, sponge it with Ammonia or Benzine, and dry it in the open air. Cushion covers when stained with oil can be cleaned with Eucalyptus oil.

2. Plain wood articles which have been soiled should be washed with warm soapy water; but, when the stains are due to candle grease oil, a paste of *fuller's earth* and boiling soapsuds should be made, and rubbed in well and then left to dry. Then it should be rubbed off with soft soap and sand, and thoroughly dried.

3. So many glass vases develop brown stains inside, after a little use. These can be removed by pouring a little hot water and adding about half a teaspoonful of sand, particularly bird sand, and shaking vigorously for a minute or two. Then the sandy water should be poured out, and the vase rinsed and left to dry.

4. Methylated spirits clean photo-frame glasses. A table-spoon of the spirit should be mixed with a pint of water, and a cloth soaked in it. This cloth should then be wrung out and rubbed on the glass. Then it should be wrung out again, and some talcum powder should be sprinkled on it. The glass should be rubbed with this once more, and then it should be dried with chamois leather. The glass will then shine like crystal.

5. Ivory knick-knacks can be cleaned with *sal volatile.* Apply it with a soft tooth-brush and then wash the article in luke-warm water, after all the dirt is removed. Hot water should not be used, as the ivory will be destroyed.

6. Brass and copper ornaments should be rubbed with flannel moistened with Ammonia, and then polished with a soft duster. If they are very tarnished, they should be rubbed with a cut lemon dipped in salt over the worst parts, washed in wet soapy water, and rinsed and polished with a soft cloth. If rubbed with furniture polish after being cleaned, they keep bright for a long time.

" PADDY"

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

BEAD-BORDERS

Very pretty patterns for either blouses or saries.

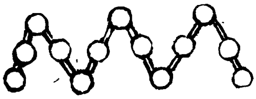
Materials required :—

Cut-glass cloured beads, bead needles, and J. and P. Coats, white cotton. No. 50.

Design I

To make this, two kinds of beads are required, bluish-grey and gold. Thread 2 blue-grey beads and 1 gold bead, then holding all three in position, leave the gold bead, and pass needle back through the blue-grey bead just above the gold bead. Continue the same for length required.

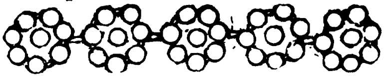
The pretty effect is given by the gold beads.



Design II

This is a pretty daisy chain for which blue and gold beads are required.

Thread 4 blue beads and 1 gold bead, keeping all in position, pass needle through first blue bead nearest the knot on end of thread from top hole of the bead. Draw thread up, and half the design will have been formed with the gold bead in the centre. Now thread 3 blue beads, and pass needle through the 4th blue bead first-threaded, and which now lies right above centre gold bead. Draw up thread closely, and the daisy is formed. Repeat for length required.



COOKERY NOTES

1. Dhuthpad or Kova—a milk-sweet.
Ingredients

1 seer of good buffalo milk.
1 lb. sugar.

Boil milk down to a thick cream, stirring all the time. When about the consistency of porridge, put in the sugar, and keep on stirring over a slow fire, till the mixture retains its shape when a drop is allowed to fall in a saucer of water. Remove from the fire, and with a potato-masher knead well for a little while, to give smoothness to the paste.

While still *hot*, smear a little ghee on the palms of the hands, form into balls the size required, and press out gently between the fingers into shape like biscuits, leaving the impression of the thumb and middle finger on the top and under. Allow to dry on greased plates.

2. Gulabijam.
Ingredients

1 seer good buffalo milk
1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{8}$ viss flour (sifted)
Ghee

Boil milk down to the thickness of soft dough. Bring down from the fire and allow to cool.

Meanwhile, make a thin syrup of the sugar, till it just threads between the fingers. Remove from the fire and keep aside.

Now put half of the flour into the boiled milk and knead well. Using the remaining flour on the hands to prevent sticking, take equal quantities of the cream, and shape into rolls one inch long and about the thickness of the little finger.

Fry gently in ghee 3 or 4 at a time. When dark brown, remove and drop into syrup.

When the next set has been fried and is ready to be removed, the sweets dropped into the syrup may be removed and placed on a plate. If allowed to soak too long, the *gulabijam* will get broken.

The remaining syrup may be poured over all the *gulabijams* on the plate.

N. B. $1\frac{1}{2}$ seers = 1 Madras Measure or 1 Padi.

3. Walnut Sandwiches

Cut strips of cheese to fit small slices of bread or crackers. Toast slowly in an oven at home, or on a long-handled wire toaster, over a picnic fire. While the cheese is warm, press perfect halved walnuts down in the centre of each sandwich.

4. Roast Chicken, Cowboy Style

Dress a fat young chicken, dust inside and out with salt and flour. Arrange several thin slices of bacon inside the chicken and stretch two slices across the breast, fastening them under the wings. Tie the legs and wings down neatly to the sides of the fowl. Place the chicken inside a clean flour sack (kept for this purpose), or wrap securely in a clean towel. Tie well, dash in a bowl of clean cold water, wrap in a second towel, which has been wrung out of cold water, and then wrap in several thicknesses of brown paper or newspaper, wetting each paper well, after it has been tied in place. Let the fire burn down until there is a good bed of coals. Rake out a clean place among the coals to place the chicken, taking care that none of the coals can touch the wrappings. Cover the chicken with cold ashes, all over the sides and top, and then pile on the hot embers and live coals. Bake this way for one hour. Carefully remove coals and wrappings and you will have a deliciously-cooked chicken.

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2	Army Headquarters	...	175——450
3.	Attached Offices	...	120——350

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(Sd.) D. REYNELL,
Secretary,
Public Service Commission.

Delhi
25th March, 1933

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(Certain posts being reserved for Ladies only)

K. C. SEN, Clrek, Engineer-in-Chief Office, Army Headquarters's, Simla.

V. SUBRAMANYAM, Clerk, Director-General of Post and Telegraphs, New Delhi.

സിലോൺ—ഒരു മനോഹരദ്വീപ്.

പൌരസ്ത്യ രാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ സഞ്ചരിക്കുന്നതായാൽ അത്ഭുതകരമാംവണ്ണം ആകർഷണീയങ്ങളും അതിയായ ഭംഗിയുള്ളവയും ആയ പലേ ഭൂവിഭാഗങ്ങളും കണ്ണാം. ആദി പിതാവിൻെറ ഉൽകൃഷ്ട വാസസ്ഥലമായിരുന്ന ഈഡനിലെ ഉദ്യാനം തന്നെയല്ലെ നാം കാണുന്നതു് എന്നു ഊഹിക്കാൻകൂടി പ്രയാസമായി വരികയില്ല.

സിലോൺ—സുഗന്ധ മന്ദമാരുതൻ വീശിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ആ ദ്വീപു - ഭൂലോകത്തിൽവെച്ചു് ഏററവും മനോഹരമായ ദ്വീപാണെന്നാണ് വെച്ചിരിക്കുന്നതു്. ഈ അഭിപ്രായം ശരിയാണെന്നൊ അല്ലെന്നൊ തെളിയിക്കുന്ന കാര്യം ഇരിക്കട്ടെ. ഈ സ്ഥലം ഒരു അസാധാരണ ഭംഗിയോടുകൂടിയതും അതിമനോഹരമായ പ്രകൃതിവിലാസത്തോടുകൂടിയതും ആണെന്നുള്ളതു് തർക്കമററ വാസ്തവമാണ്.

ഇന്ത്യാ നിവാസികൾക്കെല്ലാവക്കും, പ്രത്യേകിച്ചു് ഈശ്വരവിചാരമുള്ള ഹിന്തുക്കൾക്കു്, ഈ സ്ഥലം, ശ്രീരാമൻെറ പത്നി, സൌന്ദര്യവതിയും പതിവ്രതയുമായ, സീതയെ കട്ടുകൊണ്ടുപോയി സൂക്ഷിച്ച സ്ഥലമാണെന്നു രാമായണ കഥയിൽ വിവരിച്ചതായതുകൊണ്ടു് പ്രത്യേകിച്ചും സാന്നിദ്ധ്യമുള്ള ഒന്നാണ്. അന്നു് ആ ദ്വീപിലെ നിവാസികൾ സീതയെ കാത്തു രക്ഷിച്ചുവെന്നും ശ്രീരാമൻ ആ ദേവിയെ രക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തുവാനായി ചെന്ന സമയത്തു് വാനരരാജാവായ ഹനുമാൻ സഹായത്തിന്നു കൂടെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുവെന്നും ഒരു ഗംഭിരമായ പാലം കെട്ടി സീതാദേവിയ്ക്കു രാവണരാക്ഷസൻെറ അധീനത്തിൽനിന്നു ഓടി രക്ഷ പ്രാപിക്കുവാൻ സംഗതിയായിയെന്നും ആ കഥയിൽ ഘോഷിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു.

സിലോൺ തുറമുഖത്തിലുള്ള ഒരു കപ്പലിൻെറ മുകൾത്തട്ടിൽനിന്നു നോക്കിയാൽ കാണുന്ന കാഴ്ച അതിമനോഹരവും ആകർഷണീയവുംതന്നെയാണ്. ചുകന്ന മണ്ണു, ചുകന്ന കെട്ടിടങ്ങൾ, നീലനിറത്തിലുള്ള ആകാശം, സമുദ്രജലത്തിൻെറ കടും നീലനിറം, ഉഷ്ണരാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ കാണുന്ന പുല്ലു്, ചെടി മുതലായവയുടെ വിവിധനിലയിലുള്ള പച്ചനിറം, ഇവയെല്ലാം ഒന്നിച്ചുചേൎന്നു് പ്രകൃതിമാധുര്യം തുളുമ്പുന്ന ഒരു നിരർഗ്ഗളസുന്ദരചിത്രത്തെ വരച്ചു കാട്ടിത്തരുന്നു.

തുറമുഖത്തു് നമ്മുടെ ചുററും അതാതു് രാജ്യങ്ങളിലെ കൊടിക്കൂറകൾ പറപ്പിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു് ഗംഭീരന്മാരായ തീക്കപ്പലുകൾ നമ്മുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ അവയിൽ എല്ലാററിലുംവെച്ചു് കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു് ഏററവും കേവലമായവ കട്ടമരങ്ങൾ എന്നു പറയുന്ന തുഴത്തോണികളാണ്. മറിയാതിരിക്കാൻ അവയുടെ ഒരു വശത്തു് കുറേ നീളമുള്ള മരക്കഷ്ണങ്ങൾ കെട്ടി ഞാത്തിയിരിക്കും. ചെറുകപ്പലുകളുമായി മുട്ടി മറിയുന്നതു ഭയപ്പെട്ടു് ഈ കട്ടമരങ്ങൾ അധികം തുറമുഖത്തു് വന്നു കാണുകയില്ല.

കപ്പലിൽനിന്നു കരയ്ക്കിറങ്ങി നില്ക്കാനുള്ള പാലത്തിൽനിന്നു ഹോട്ടലിലേയ്ക്കുള്ള വിസ്താരമുള്ള പാതയിൽകൂടി കടലോരംവഴി ചെയ്യാനുള്ള വണ്ടിയാത്ര വളരെ ആഹ്ലാദജനകമാണ്. ദ്വീപിലെ ഗവൎണ്ണരുടെ അരമന കടന്നാൽ പിന്നെ പട്ടാളക്കാർക്കുവേണ്ടി വളരെ നീളത്തിൽ കെട്ടിയിട്ടിട്ടുള്ള പാളയങ്ങളായി. അതും കടന്നു ചെല്ലുന്നതു പാതയുടെ വലത്തു ഭാഗത്തായി വിശാലമായ കടൽക്കരയിലേക്കാണ്. അതും കടന്ന് അവസാനം എത്തുന്നത് പാതയുടെ ഇടത്തുവശത്തുള്ള വലുതായ പുൽമൈതാനത്തിലാണ്.

ഈ മനോഹരമായ പാതയിൽകൂടേയുള്ള യാത്രക്ക് ഒരു പ്രത്യേകത ഉണ്ടാകുന്നത് അതിവേഗത്തിൽ മാറിമാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ചിത്രാവലിയിൽകൂടെ നമ്മളെ വലിച്ചുകൊണ്ടുപോകുന്ന കൈവണ്ടികളാണ്. ഭംഗിയുള്ള കേരവൃക്ഷങ്ങളും, ചുറ്റും വാഴക്കൂട്ടങ്ങളോടുകൂടി പ്രാകൃതഭാഷയിലുള്ള ചെറുകുടിലുകളും, വിചിത്രവസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ച് അടിക്കടി മാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ജനതതികളും, എല്ലാം ചേൎന്ന് അതിമനോഹരമായ കാഴ്ചകളോടുകൂടിയ പൌരസ്ത്യനിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ളതായ ഒരു ചലന ചിത്രത്തെ നമുക്ക് കാട്ടിത്തരുന്നു.

ഒരു തീക്കപ്പലിൽ യാത്ര ചെയ്താൽ ഒമ്പതു ദിവസംകൊണ്ടേ ഒരിക്കൽ ആ ദ്വീപിനെ വട്ടംചുററി എത്താൻ സാധിക്കുള്ളൂയെന്നതിൽനിന്ന് അതിൻെറ വിസ്താരത്തെ നമുക്കു ഗണിക്കാം.

ഈ ദ്വീപിൻെറ പൂൎവ്വചരിത്രം വളരെ രസകരമാണ്. ക്രിസ്ത്വാബ്ദത്തിന്നു അനവധി ശതവൎഷങ്ങൾ മുമ്പു തുടങ്ങിയതാണ് ആ ചരിത്രം. ബ്രാഹ്മണർ, തമിഴർ, പറങ്കികൾ, ലന്തക്കാർ, ബ്രിട്ടീഷുകാർ, ഈ കൂട്ടരെല്ലാം വഴിക്കുവഴിയെ ഈ ദ്വീപിനെ ആക്രമിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. പണ്ടുകാലത്ത് സിംഹള രാജാക്കന്മാരുടെ തലസ്ഥാനമായിരുന്ന കാണ്ടി പട്ടണത്തിലേയ്ക്കു ഒരു തീവണ്ടി യാത്ര ചെയ്യാതിരുന്നാൽ ഈ ദ്വീപിൽ പോകുന്നത് നിഷ്ഫലമാണ്. പൎവ്വതചരിവുകളിൽകൂടി മേല്പോട്ടു കയറുമ്പോൾ കാണുന്ന കാഴ്ച ഇടവിടാതെ മാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതും നമ്മളെ മയക്കുന്നതുമായ ഒരു പരിപൂൎണ്ണചിത്രംതന്നെയാണ്. നിബിഡമായ മരക്കുടിലുകളുടെ നിഴലിൽ സുരക്ഷിതമായി സ്ഥിതിചെയ്തു അല്പാല്പംമാത്രം കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു ഗോചരമായവയുമായ ചെറു ഗൃഹങ്ങളും ചുററുപാടും കൃഷിചെയ്യപ്പെട്ട വയലുകളും തോട്ടങ്ങളും മറച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്ന ഗംഭീരന്മാരായ വനവൃക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ലതാബാഹുല്യതയും, വളൎച്ചയും പ്രസരിപ്പും നാനാ ഭാഗങ്ങളിലും പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തി കാണിക്കുന്നവയുമായ കാഴ്ചകളാണ്. പൎവ്വതചരിവുകൾ മേട്ടുകളാക്കി നിരത്തി കൃഷി ചെയ്യുന്ന വയലുകളാക്കിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ചെങ്കുത്തായ മലയോരങ്ങളിൽ തേയിലത്തോട്ടങ്ങളും കൊക്കോത്തോട്ടങ്ങളും അവിടവിടെയായി വെച്ചുപിടിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു.

ഗ്രാമങ്ങളിൽ ജോലിത്തിരക്കുള്ള ജനങ്ങൾ അവരവരുടെ തൊഴിലുകളിൽ ബദ്ധശ്രദ്ധന്മാരാണ്. ചിലയിടങ്ങളിൽ പ്രസരിപ്പുള്ളവരും പ്രസന്നമുഖന്മാരുമായ ബാലന്മാരും പഠിപ്പിൽ ശുഷ്കാന്തിയേറിയ ബാലികമാരും നിറഞ്ഞ കുറെ പള്ളിക്കൂടങ്ങൾ കാണാം.

സിലോൺ രാജ്യം മററു പൌരസ്ത്യരാജ്യങ്ങളെപ്പോലെ പലേഭാഷകളും സംസാരിക്കുന്ന ജനങ്ങളാൽ നിറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. ശുദ്ധസിങ്കളന്മാർ വളരെ കൌതുകമുള്ളവരാണ്. അവർ മെലിഞ്ഞ ദീർഘകായന്മാരും കാഴ്ചയിൽ ശക്തികുറഞ്ഞവരുമാണ്. പക്ഷെ സസ്യഭുക്കുകളായ ജനങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചയിൽ തോന്നുന്നതിലധികം ശക്തിയുള്ളവരായിരിക്കും. സ്ത്രീകൾ ഭംഗിയുള്ള വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ദേഹം മൂടിധരിക്കുന്നു. പാവാട നീളമുള്ളതും കുടുങ്ങിയതും മേൽക്കുപ്പായം നല്ല ഇറക്കമുള്ളതും കണ്ഠത്തോടു ചേർന്നഭാഗവും കീഴ്ഭാഗവും ഞെറിയും കസവും വെച്ചിട്ടുള്ളവയുമാണ്. പുരുഷന്മാരും വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ദേഹം മൂടിധരിക്കും. എന്നാൽ അവൎക്കുള്ള പ്രത്യേകതയെന്താണെന്നു വെച്ചാൽ അവരുടെ തലമുടി നീളത്തിൽ വളൎത്തിയിട്ടുള്ളതാണ്. അവർ അതു പിൻഭാഗത്ത് കെട്ടിവെച്ചു ഒരു വിശേഷമായ അൎദ്ധചന്ദ്രാകൃതിയിലുള്ള കൊമ്പു ചീപ്പുകൊണ്ടു ബന്ധിക്കും. ചെറു കുട്ടികൾ ഭംഗിയുള്ളതും നീണ്ടു മറിഞ്ഞുകിടക്കുന്ന രോമങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയതുമായ ഇരുണ്ട കണ്ണുകളുള്ളവരാണ്. ചിലപ്പോൾ അവർ നിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ള ഒരു നേരിയ വസ്ത്രം ധരിക്കാറുണ്ടെങ്കിലും സാധാരണയായി കഴുത്തിൽ ഒരു മണികോൎത്ത മാലമാത്രം ധരിച്ചിട്ടാണു കാണുക.

ഇവിടെ ഇന്ത്യയിലെ മാതിരിതന്നെ രജകന്മാർ വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ പരന്ന കല്ലുകളിന്മേൽ അടിച്ചു പച്ചവെള്ളത്തിൽ തിരുമ്പി പുഴിമണ്ണിൽ വിരിച്ച് സൂൎയ്യരശ്മിയുടെ ശക്തികൊണ്ടു ഉണക്കി വെളുപ്പിച്ചാണ് അലക്കുന്നതു. ഈ അപരിഷ്കൃതരീതിയിലുള്ള പ്രവൃത്തികൊണ്ടു അവൎക്കുണ്ടാകുന്ന ഫലപ്രാപ്തി കണ്ടാൽ ആൎക്കും അത്ഭുതം തോന്നും.

ഇവിടേയും ഉത്സവകാലങ്ങളിൽ പലേ വൎണ്ണത്തിലുള്ളവസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ചു ചെറിയതും വലിയതും ആയ സംഘങ്ങളായി ശേഖരിച്ച് ഈ പ്രകൃതി സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധിയിൽ വിളയാടുന്ന മനോഹരദ്വീപിൽ പരിശുദ്ധക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളിലും കോവിലുകളിലും ജനങ്ങൾ തിരക്കികടക്കുന്നു.

స్త్రీలకుండు ప్రేమ.

ప్రేమ యనునది అనేకవిధములుగా నున్నది. వీటన్నిటిలో తల్లికి బిడ్డమీద నుండు ప్రేమ మహా శ్రేష్ఠమయినది. ఏ పురుషునికయిన ప్రేమగల భార్య యుండి ఆమెకు సంతానముకూడ నున్న యెడల ఆ పురుషుడు ధన్యుడని చెప్పవచ్చును.

స్త్రీ ప్రేమ అమూల్యమయిన భూషణ మనదగియున్నది. ఆ ప్రేమను చూపించుటకు భర్తయును బిడ్డలును గల స్త్రీ యెంతో అదృష్టవంతురాలు. ఆ ప్రేమను ఎంతమందియెడల చూపించి యెందరి ప్రేమను సంపాదించుకొనగలదో అంత విస్తారముగా అది యభివృద్ధియగును.

మొదటికాన్పు కనిన ఒక యిల్లాలు తన సఖురాలితో ముచ్చటించుచు ఈలాగు పలికెను:— "ఇంతకు ముందు నా ప్రేమ యావత్తు నా భర్తమీదనే చూపుచుంటిని; ఇప్పుడయితే నాకు పుట్టిన యీ బిడ్డడు నా జీవితములో చొరబడినది మొదలు వానిమీద నాకుగల ప్రేమ యింతంతయని చెప్పజాలను సరిగదా, నా భర్తమీద నాకుండిన ప్రేమ మరీ యెక్కువయినదని చెప్పగలను. మునుపటికంటె యిప్పుడు మరీ సుఖముగాను సంతోషముగాను ఉన్నాను. అది యేలనో అని యాలోచించుకొనగా ఈ బిడ్డడు నా భర్తయొక్క స్వరూపమే చిన్న ప్రతిమ రూపముగా నున్నాడు. గనుకనేయని నేను తలంచుచున్నాను" అని యానందముతో వికసించిన ముఖారవిందముతో చెప్పెనట.

ఏమాత్రమయిన మనస్పర్థలులేక సంపూర్ణమయిన అనురాగముగల సంసారములలో వాటియందు నాయకురాలుగా నుండి సంసారము నడుపు ఇల్లాలి ప్రేమయే, తన స్వసుఖమును మరిచి కుటుంబములోని యితరుల సుఖమును క్షేమమునే ప్రధానముగా నెంచునట్లు చేయు ప్రేమయే ఆ యనురాగమునకు ముఖ్యసాధనము. పురుషునికి తనకు ప్రాణతుల్యురాలగు స్త్రీకంటె ఎక్కువ యుపకారి, సహకారి యుండగలదా? ఆ స్త్రీ తన బాల్యావస్థయందు కాచి సంరక్షించిన తల్లియై యుండవచ్చును; లేదా తన సుఖదుఃఖములలో పాల్గొను భార్యయై యుండవచ్చును. ఏ పురుషునికయినను, తన్ను కనిపెట్టి సంరక్షించుటకును, తాను పోషించి ప్రేమించి ఆమె మేలు నాలోచించుటకును భార్య యుండకపోతే అట్టి పురుషునిస్థితి బహు విచారకరమయినదనవలెను.

పూర్వకాలపు ఋషి యొకరుచేసిన యుపదేశ మిట్లున్నది:— "సుగుణసంపత్తిగల భార్య తన గృహము నేలుటకు కలిగిన పురుషునికి ఈ ప్రపంచమునం దేమియు కొదువలేదు. ఈ భాగ్యము లేనివానికి నిక యెంతయున్నను, ఏమియు లేని దరిద్రుడే యనవలయును."

తల్లులు కలిగిన కుమాండ్లారా, మీ తల్లులను ప్రేమతో ఘనపరచుడి; భార్యలుగల పురుషులారా, మీ భార్యలను ప్రేమించి, తగు మర్యాద చూపుచు, వారిని సంరక్షించుడి; మీరెంత గొప్పవారయి యున్నను, ముందు కెంత గొప్పవారు కానయియున్నను, మీ భార్యలవంటి స్త్రీలేగదా "రాజ్యముల నేలబోవువారు పసిబిడ్డలుగా నున్నప్పుడు ఉయ్యాలలో పెట్టి యూపుదురు" అన్న వాక్యము సత్యమేగాని ఉత్త ఉత్ప్రేక్ష కాదు సుమండి.

హిందూదేశ స్త్రీలయొక్క అభివృద్ధి.

ప్రస్తుత కాలమందు స్త్రీలకు విద్యగరపినచో గృహకృత్యములయందుండు అభిలాష తగ్గి గృహిణీగుణములను విడిచి మొగరాయులగుదురని కొందరు అభిప్రాయపడుచున్నారు. గృహమే స్త్రీకి ప్రధాన స్థానమై యున్నది. ఆమె గృహత్యాగముచేసి వృద్ధికి రాలేదని చెప్పవచ్చును, అయితే కొన్ని విషయములను ఆలోచించవలసియుండును.

(1) పురుషునికిని గృహధర్మముకద్దు. ద్రవ్యార్జన చేయునంతలో తన గృహధర్మము యావత్తు జరిపించితినని పురుషుడనుకొనరాదు. చివరకు పిల్లల చదువు విషయములోను ఎంతమంది తండ్రులు పని తొందరచేత శ్రద్ధ తీసుకొనక యున్నారు? తలిదండ్రుల విధి యావత్తు స్త్రీయే నిర్వహించవలెనని ఆమె తలమీద ఆ భారము వేయుట న్యాయమా?

(2) లోకమందు పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలు అధిక సంఖ్యగలవారై యున్నట్టు తెలియుచున్నది. గనుక ఈ యధికమైన స్త్రీలగతి యేమికాగలదు? ఇట్టి స్థితియందు రెండు పద్ధతులు మాత్ర మున్నట్టు కనపడుచున్నది. ఒకరికన్న ఎక్కువమందిని ఒక్క పురుషునికేయిచ్చి వివాహము చేయుదుమా లేక వారికి ఉద్యోగముల నవలంబించు త్రోవలను చూపించెదమా? ఈ రెండింటిలో ఏది శ్రేయస్కరమో ఆలోచింపవలయును.

(3) గృహధర్మమనిన ఏమి? భర్తకు ఉపచర్యచేయుట, పిల్లలను కని పెంచుట, వంటచేసి కుటుంబమునకు కడుపునిండ పెట్టుటయేనా? అతిథి ధర్మములేదా? పరోపకార బుద్ధిలేదా? ఇరుగు పొరుగువారి కష్ట నిష్ఠూరములను నివారింప యత్నింప గృహిణీధర్మము కాదా? సాంఘిక లోపములను దిద్దుటయు సంఘాభివృద్ధికొరకై యత్నించుటయు

ఆమెకు కర్తవ్యముకాదా? ఒక విధమున దేశమంతయు గృహమే. గనుక దేశముయొక్కగాని సంఘముయొక్కగాని యోగక్షేమములయందు లక్ష్యము కలుగజేసుకొనుట గృహిణీధర్మము ననుసరించు స్త్రీలకు కర్తవ్యమైయున్నది. నూతిలోనుండు కప్పవలె లోకముతో తనకేమి సంబంధము లేదనుకొనుట స్త్రీకి ధర్మము కానేకాదు.

(4) శరీరవిషయమై చూచిన స్త్రీ బలహీనురాలుగా కనబడును గాని జ్ఞానమందును ఓపికయందును సుగుణసంపత్తియందును పురుషునితో తుల్యురాలని చెప్పుట కభ్యంతరము లేదు. గనుక గృహకృత్యములయందు మాత్రమే తన శక్తి యావత్తు ధారపోసి తృప్తిపడియుండుట స్త్రీయొక్క కర్తవ్యమా, లేక తన సమర్థతకు తగు విషయములన్నిటిలోను జోక్యము కలుగజేసుకొనుటయా? దేశాభివృద్ధికై చేయబడుచున్న సకల యత్నములయందును, రాజకీయ విషయములయందు సహితము స్త్రీలు పనిపూనుకొని శక్తికొలది సహాయముచేసిన గృహకృత్యముల కతీతమైన విషయములును సలక్షణముగా జరుపబడక తప్పవు. స్త్రీలను గుణసంపత్తియనే సూర్యరశ్మియందు సాంఘిక ధర్మములన్నియు ప్రజ్వలింపగలవని క్రమేణ అందరు గ్రహించుచున్నారు. గనుక ఏవిధమైన విద్య స్త్రీలకు గరపుట ఉత్తమమో ఆలోచింపవలయును. ప్రతి విషయమందును పురుషునికి తుల్యులమని ఊహించుచు అతను త్రొక్కిన దోవనే త్రొక్కుటకు యత్నించుట సవ్యముకాదు. గృహమందుగాని సంఘమందుగాని తాము పురుషునికి తోడ్పడవలయునని గ్రహించి తమకు ఉచితమని తోచిన పద్ధతులను తామే అవలంబింపవలయును. స్త్రీ స్వభావము మారిపోక యుండవలెననే దీక్ష పెట్టుకొని ఆమెకు గరపించు విద్య గృహకృత్యములకు మాత్రము చెందవలెనని కొందరు ముఖ్యముగా మన దేశమందు అభిప్రాయపడుచు జ్ఞానాభివృద్ధిచేయు సకలవిద్యలను నిషేధించుచున్నారు. గృహకృత్యముల విషయమైన తర్ఫీదు అత్యవసరమే. అయితే పాఠశాలలయందుగాని కళాశాలలయందుగాని దాని నేర్ప యత్నించుట నిరర్థకము; ఎందుకనిన నిర్బంధము చేయుటవలన ఈ సదుద్దేశము నెరవేరకపోవును. మరియొకవిధమున దానియందు అభిరుచి కలుగజేయ నాలోచింపవలయును. ఇదిగాక పురుషునికివలె స్త్రీకిని జ్ఞానోద్భవములగు ద్వారములన్నియు తెరవబడవలెను. అయితే పురుషుడు చదివిన ప్రతిముక్క ప్రతి స్త్రీ చదువవలెనని మా తాత్పర్యముకాదు. దానియందు అభిలాషగలవారును తగు సామర్థ్యము గలవారును మాత్రమే అట్టివిద్య సంపాదించుకొని పురుషునివలె కృషిచేయ సిద్ధపడుదురు, సర్వసామాన్యముగా స్త్రీలు వివాహము చేసుకొని సంసారసాగరమును నిపుణముగా నీదుటయందు సంతృప్తి చెందుదురు.

చివరకు విదేశమునకుబోవు స్త్రీలును ప్రయాణమందును అక్కడ నివసించు కాలమందును తమకుండు పనులను తమంతట తామే నిర్వహించుటకు పూనుకొనక పురుషునియొక్క తోడును సహాయమును కోరుచున్నట్టు తెలియుచున్నది. ఇటువంటి స్త్రీలు వంటయింటిలో కూర్చుండి వంటపాత్రలను చూచి సంతసించినట్లు మరి దేనితోను సంతోషించినట్లు కనబడదు. ఆట పాటలయందుగాని దేహసాధకమందుగాని యంత అభిలాష కనపరచకనున్నారు.

గనుకనే బాల్యవివాహముచేత దుర్బలులై మన దేశపు స్త్రీలు సాధారణముగా పాతిక సంవత్సరముల ప్రాయము వచ్చినప్పుడే యౌవనమంతా పోయి అరువదియేండ్ల ముసలమ్మలవలె శరీరము కృశించియుండుటకద్దు. తగుపద్ధతుల నవలంబించిన మన స్త్రీలయొక్క శరీరములు పటుత్వమును లావణ్యమును వెలిపుచ్చు సుందర రూపవంతురాండ్రగునటుల చేయబడగలవు. స్త్రీలు ఎక్కువ స్వేచ్ఛగాను, ఔదార్యబుద్ధిగలవారుగాను మనోహరులుగా నుండవలెనని కోరితి మావారికి తగు తర్ఫీదు బాల్యమందే ఇప్పించవలెను. ఇట్టి యసంతృప్తికరమైన స్థితికి కారణమేమి? కొంతమంది దీనికి కారణము పురుషులేయనియు వారు స్త్రీల నణగద్రొక్కుటకై సాంఘిక ధర్మములను స్థాపించిరనియు ఉద్దేశపడుచున్నారు. గాని వారే కారకులని చెప్పుట న్యాయముకాదు. సర్వత్రా తన హక్కులలో స్త్రీలు పాలుకోరుట పురుషునికి కష్టముగానే కనబడుచున్నది. ఈ మధ్యను ఆంగ్లేయదేశమందు కేంబ్రిడ్జి పట్టణ కళాశాలయందు స్త్రీలకు ఇకను ప్రవేశ ముండకూడదని ప్రకటించుచున్నారు. కొన్నికొన్ని సభలలో స్త్రీలను బహిష్కరించుచున్నారు. ఇట్టి స్త్రీవిషయమైన వైషమ్యము సహజమేయని కనబడుచున్నది కాని దానికి కారణమేమే యుండవచ్చును? స్త్రీలను చేర్చుకొనుటవలన తమ గౌరత తగ్గిపోవునేమోయని భయమా, లేక స్త్రీలు తమతో ఉన్నంతకాలము పురుషులు స్వేచ్ఛగా నుండుటకు వీలుపడదనే సందేహమా, లేక స్త్రీపురుషుల కుండెడి తత్వభేదమా? ఏమైయున్నను పురుషుడు వెనుకదీయుచున్నాడని స్త్రీ గ్రహించి ప్రతి విషయములోను చొరబడక పురుషునివలె నుండవలెనని కోరక స్త్రీధర్మములనే యనుసరించి యుండుట యుక్తము. పురుషుడు స్త్రీవలె నుండవలెనని యెప్పుడైనా కోరునా? స్త్రీలును మన హిందూదేశమందు తమస్థితికి తామే కారకులైయున్నారు. వారి నిర్లక్ష్యము, పురాతనాచారములయందు భక్తి, సంఘసంస్కార

ములయందుండు అనురాగమును అందుకు ముఖ్యకారణములు గావా? తమ హక్కులను నిర్భయముగా కోరి ముందుకు వచ్చుటకు యత్నించుటకు బదులు ఎందరు స్త్రీలు తమకు ఉచితముగా నివ్వబడువాటిని సహితము నిరాకరించుచున్నారే? అయితే లోకమందు ముఖ్యముగా రుష్యా, జపాన్, టర్కీ, పర్షియా దేశములయందు స్త్రీలు స్వాతంత్ర్యము కోరుచున్నారు. మన దేశపు స్త్రీలును వారితో కలసి ఏకగ్రీవముగా స్వాతంత్ర్యము కోరుటకిదే మంచిసమయము. మహాత్మా గాంధియును స్త్రీలు పురుషుని వాంఛలను తృప్తిపరచుటకు మాత్రము తాము నిర్మింపబడియున్నామనే యభిప్రాయము మాని తమయందు పురుషులకు గౌరత కలిగింపజేసికొని తమ యెడల వారు తగునట్లుగా ప్రవర్తించేవరకు తృప్తిపడకుండవలయుననియు, మరియు వారు తమ శరీరములను మరచి సాంఘిక విషయములలో చొరబడి తమ మనస్సాక్షి ధర్మమని తెలిపెడి విషయములను నెరవేర్చుటకై సాహసించి అందువలన రాగల నిష్ఠురములను సహింప సిద్ధులై యుండవలెనని సెలవిచ్చుచున్నారు.

మరియు శ్రమను సహించడమందు స్త్రీల తరువాతనే పురుషులు గనుక స్త్రీలు ఎందుకును భయపడకుండవలెను. వారిలో ఎంత దుర్బలురాలు సహితము తన మానమును కాపాడుకొనగలదని ఆయన సెలవిచ్చుచున్నారు. ప్రస్తుతము కొంతమంది స్త్రీలు తమను నిర్బంధించుచున్న పాశములను తెగగొట్టుకొని ముందు అంగవేయుచున్నారని చెప్పుటకు సందేహమేమిలేదు. తమ హక్కులను పోగొట్టుకొనజాలమని వారు విశదపరచుచున్నారు. ఈ మధ్యను "మాడరన్ రివ్యూ" అను పత్రికయందు రాజకుమారి అమృత్ కౌరమ్మగారు హిందూదేశ స్త్రీల అభివృద్ధినిగురించి వ్రాయుచు అనేక ముఖ్య సంగతులను తెలిపిరి. రాజారామ మోహనరాయ్, కేశవ చంద్రసెన్, దయానంద స్వాములవారు, రానడేగారి సుపత్ని, పండిత రామాబాయి, కొందరు క్రైస్తవ మతబోధకులు ప్రారంభమందు స్త్రీల అభివృద్ధికి కారకులైరియని అందరికి తెలిసినవిషయమే. హిందూదేశ స్త్రీసమాజము చెన్నపురియందు 1917 వ సంవత్సరమందు స్థాపింపబడి క్రమేణ దక్షిణ దేశమంతయు వ్యాపించెను. మరియు అనేక స్త్రీ సమాజములు మన దేశమందు వేరు వేరు ప్రదేశములలో స్థాపింపబడియున్నవి. ముఖ్యముగా అఖిల భారత స్త్రీ సమాజము సంవత్సరమున కొకసారి ఆరు పర్యాయములు సమావేశమై అనేక విషయములను చర్చించుచు బాల్యవివాహమును నిర్బంధపెట్టుటకు ప్రభుత్వమువారు శాసనము చేయుటయందు తోడ్పడెను. ఈ దినములలో స్త్రీలు అన్ని భారములు మోయుచు అన్నివిధముల దేశసేవ, సాంఘికసేవ చేయ చొరబడుచున్నారు. రాజకీయ శాసన సభలయందును, పురపాలన సభలయందును, కళాశాలలయందును, న్యాయసభలయందును, వైద్యనిపుణత్వమందును, విద్యాశాఖలయందును స్త్రీలు హెచ్చరికతో పనిచేయుచున్నారు. పాశ్చాత్య విద్యలయందు తోరుదత్తు, సరోజని నాయుడును ప్రసిద్ధిచెందియున్నారు. బాలికల విద్యయును అభివృద్ధియగుచున్నది. బాలికలయొక్క పాఠశాలలు గత సంవత్సరములో 1,171 అధికమైనవి. అట్టి పాఠశాలలయందు చదువుకొను బాలికల సంఖ్య 80,483 నుంచి 13,89,241 కు అభివృద్ధియాయెను. ఇదిగాక అనేక బాలికలు బాలుర పాఠశాలలయందును చదువుకొనుచున్నారు. మరియు స్త్రీలు బాల్యవివాహము, విధంతు పునర్వివాహము లేకపోవుట, పర్దా, త్రాగుడు, ఒక పురుషునికి ఒక పత్నికన్నను ఎక్కువ స్త్రీలుండుట మొదలగు సాంఘిక దురాచారములను నివారించుటకై గట్టి ప్రయత్నములు చేయుచున్నారు. గ్రామములయందును ఫాక్టరీలు మొదలగు పనులుచేయు స్థలములయందుండు కీడులను తొలగించుటకును యత్నించుచున్నారు. రాజకీయ స్వదేశీ విషయములనుగూర్చి ప్రబోధించుటలోను అనేకమంది స్త్రీలు ఆసక్తియు చొరవయును కనపరచుచున్నారు గాని అన్నిదిక్కులయందును అన్నివిషయములందును ఇంకను గొప్ప ప్రయత్నము చేయవలసియున్నది. ఈ సందర్భములో రాజకుమారియమ్మగారు సెలవిచ్చిన దేమనగా:- సంపూర్ణహృదయముతో సేవచేయుటయు లోపములేక ఇచ్చుటయు స్వేచ్ఛురాలైన స్త్రీయొక్క లక్షణములైయున్నవి. నిర్లక్ష్యము, దురాభిప్రాయము, అజ్ఞానము మొదలగువాటికి విరుద్ధముగా పోరాడవలసియున్నను మార్పులు కలిగించవలెననే అభిలాష మాకు కలిగియున్నది. అది మానవుని యెడలను దేవుని యెడలను ప్రేమ అనే దీపమువలన ప్రజ్వలించుచున్నది. ఇకను స్త్రీలు పురుషుడు కోరినట్లెల్ల నడువక తమకు ఉచితమని తోచినటుల స్వతంత్రముగా నడచెదరు. కష్టములను జూచి వెనుతీయము. గౌరత ప్రేమలను దీక్షను వహించెదము. ముందుకు సాగెదము.

Ceylon, The Beautiful Isle

அழகுவாய்ந்த இலங்கைத் தீவு.

கிழக்கித்திய தேசங்களில் பிரயாணஞ் செய்யுங்கால், அபூர்வ அழகிய காக்ஷிகளையும், ஆச்சரிய தோற்றங்களையும் காண்பது சாதாரணம். ஆனதால், நமது முற்பிதாக்கள் சஞ்சாரஞ் செய்த, ஏதேன் தோட்டத்தைப்போன்ற நந்தவனங்களை கண்ணுறுவது கூடிய காரியமே.

வாசனை பொதிந்த தென்றல் காற்று வீசப்பெற்ற இலங்காத் தீவு, இவ்வுலகில், அழகு வாய்ந்த தீவுகளில் சிறந்ததென்று, பெயர் வழங்கி வருகிறது. இவ்வளவு பூரண பொருத்தம், அதற்கு சகல விஷயத்திலுமில்லாவிடினும், அங்கு அபூர்வ அழகு சிறப்புகளும், மனதைக் கவர்ச்சி செய்யுங் காக்ஷிகளுமுண்டு.

இராமருடைய அழகும், கற்பும் நிறைந்த சீதாபிராட்டி, இலங்காபுரிக்குக் கொண்டு போகப்பட்ட சம்பவத்தை, இராமாயணம் என்னுங் காவியங் கூறுவதனால், இத்தீவு இந்தியருக்கும், முக்கியமாய் இந்துக்களுக்கும், சம்பந்தப்பட்டுள்ளது. அங்குள்ள குடிகள், சீதாபிராட்டியைப் பாதுகாத்ததோடு, அப்பிராட்டியாரை, தப்புவிக்க ராமா அங்கு சென்றபோது, வானரங்களின் அரசனான அனுமான், ஒரு பாலத்தைக் கட்டுவித்து, அரக்கனான ராவணன் கையினின்று, பிராட்டியார் தப்புவித்து ஓட, ராமருக்கு உதவி புரிந்தான்.

புகைக் கப்பல் மேல்தட்டில் நின்று பார்க்கையில், அபூர்வ அழகு காக்ஷிகளையும், தோற்றங்களையுங் காணலாம்.

அதின் செம்மண்ணும் சிவப்புக் கட்டடங்களும் நீல வர்ணமேகமும், கட்டி நீலம் போன்ற சமுத்திரத்தின் ஜலமும், உஷ்ண தேசங்களில் புஷ்களங்கமாய் முளைக்கும் அநேக விதமான பச்சைச் செடிகளும், இத்தீவுக்கு, ஒரு விநோத அழகையும் தோற்றத்தையுங் கொடுக்கிறது. துறைமுகத்தில், பிரமாண்டமான புகை கப்பல்கள், தங்கள் தங்கள் சுய தேசங்களின் கொடிகளை பாய் மரங்களில் ஏற்றி எங்களை புடை சூழ்ந்து நங்கூரம் பாய்ந்திருப்பதையுங் காணலாம். நீழக் கொம்புகளால், முனைகளில்மாத்திர மிணைக்கப்பட்டு, தண்டுவலிக்கும், படகைப்போன்ற சாயலையுடைய கட்டை மரங்களை அங்கு காண்பது ஓர் அற்புதக் காக்ஷி. துறைமுகத்தில் ஒதுங்கியிருக்கும், சிறிய கப்பல்களால், இக்கட்டை மரங்களுக்கு சேதம் நேரிடுமாகையால், அநேகமாய் அவைகள் வெளிப்புறத்திலே கிடக்கும். துறைமுகத்திலிருந்து சாப்பாடு விடுதிக்குச் செல்லும்போது, அநேக விநோத காக்ஷிகளைக் காணலாம். இத்தீவின் தேசாதிபதியின் அரண்மனையைத் தாண்டினபின், பட்டணத்தார் தங்கும் வரிசைக் கட்டடங்களையும், வலது பக்கத்தில் வெறுமையான கடற்கரையையும், இடது பக்கத்தில் இராஜ வீதியையும் காணலாம். ரிக்ஷாவில் ஏறிச் செல்லுங்கால், இருபுறங்களிலுமுள்ள பலவித விநோத காக்ஷிகள் அதிக சிறப்புற்றவையாய் துலங்குகின்றன. அழகிய பனைகளும், விநோதமான சிறிய குடிசைகளும், வாழைத் தோட்டங்களும், பலவர்ண உடைகளைப் பூண்டு சென்று கொண்டிருக்கும் கூட்டங்களும், கிழக்கத்திய தேசங்களில் காணப்படும் பல வித வர்ணங்கள்,, அழகிய காக்ஷிகள் முதலியவைகளை காட்டும், அசைவாடும் படத்தைப்போன்றிருக்கின்றன.

இத்தீவைச் சுற்றிவருவதற்கு மூன்று தினங்கள் செல்லுமாகையால், இதன் சுற்றளவு எவ்வளவு யென்று நீங்களே நிதானித்துக்கொள்ளலாம். கிறிஸ்துவின் ஜநநத்திற்கு முந்திய அநேக நூற்றாண்டுகளில் ஆச்சரிய சம்பவங்கள் இங்கு நடைபெற்றுள்ளன. பிராமணர், தமிழர், போர்த்துகீசார், உலாந்துக்காரர், பிரிட்டிஷ்காரர், இதன்மேல் வரிசையாக படையெடுத்துச் சென்றிருக்கின்றனர். இலங்கைக்குப் போகிறவர்கள், பூர்வ அரசர்களின் தலைமை நகரமாகிய கண்டியைப் புகைவண்டியில் சென்று பார்த்து திரும்புவாராயின், அப்பேர் கொத்தவர், இந்த அழகிய தீவை பூர்த்தியாய்ப் பார்க்கவில்லை யென்றே சொல்லவேண்டும். புகைவண்டியில் பிரயாணஞ் செய்யுங்கால், மலைகள் மேலும், அவைகளின் சாரல்களிலும், அவைகளைச் சுற்றிலும், நவீனமான காக்ஷிகளையும், அழகிய தோற்றங்களையும், அடர்த்தியான தோப்புகளில் புதைந்து கிடக்கும் விநோதமான சிறிய குடிசைகளும், பழைய காடுகளில் காணப்படும் அடர்த்தியும், புஷ்களங்கமுமான மரங்களால் மறைக்கட்டுக் கிடக்கும் நஞ்சைகளையும், தோட்டங்களையும் நானுபக்கங்களிலும் உள்ள செழிப்பையுங் காணலாம்.

அடுக்கடுக்காயிருக்கும் மலைச்சார்புகளில் பயிரிட்டுள்ள நெல் புஞ்சைகளையும், செங்குத்தாயிருக்கும் சார்புகளில் தேயிலை, கொக்கோ முதலியவை விளையும் பெரிய தோட்டங்களையும் பார்க்கலாம்.

பலவித தொழில்களை புரிந்துவரும் கிராமத்தாரையும், வியாபாரக் கூட்டத்தையும் காணலாம். ஆங்காங்கு, சிரித்த முகங்களோடு, சுறுசுறுப்பாய்த்திரியும் பையன்களும், பெண்களும், கல்விதேர்ச்சியடைய, சென்றுக்கொண்டிருக்கும் பள்ளிக்கூடங்களையுங் காணலாம்.

அநேக கிழக்கத்திய நாடுகளைப்போல, இலங்கையிலும், அநேகவித ஜனங்களும், பாஷைகளுமுண்டு. கலப்பில்லாத சிங்களவர்கள், அழகுவாய்ந்தவர்கள், மெல்லிய தேகக் கூறும், உயர்ந்த வளர்ச்சியுமுடையவர்களாயிருப்பதினால், பார்வைக்குப் பலயீனரைப்போல் தோன்றுகிறார்கள். ஆனால், மரக்கறி புசிப்பவர்கள், தோற்றத்திற்கு மெலிவாயிருந்தாலும், அவர்கள் வாஸ்தவமாக பெலசாலிகள் யென்பது திண்ணம். சிங்களவ ஸ்திரீகள் தங்கள் அழகிய ஆடைகளை தங்கள் உடம்பில் சுற்றிக்கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். அவர்களுடைய பாவாடைகள் நீழமும் இருக்கமாயுமிருக்கின்றன. அவர்களுடைய சட்டைகளின் கழுத்து, தாழ்ந்ததும், மேலுங் கீழும், அழகான லேசுக்களாலும், சுறுக்குகளாலும், ஜோடிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. புருஷர்களும், ஸ்திரீகளைப்போலவே, தங்கள் உடைகளைச் சுற்றிக் கட்டிக்கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். அவர்கள் தங்கள் தலைமயிரை, நீழமாக வளர்ப்பது வழக்கம். தங்கள் கூந்தல்களை பின்னாக முடித்து அவைகள் கலைந்துபோகாதபடி, அரைவட்டம்போன்ற ஆமை ஓட்டுச் சீப்பைச் சொருகிக் கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். சிறு பிள்ளைகளுக்கு அழகான கருப்பு விழியுள்ள கண்களுண்டு. இவைகளின் ரோமங்கள் நீண்டும் வளைந்துமிருக்கின்றன. பலவர்ணமான ஒரே மெல்லிய உடையைத் தரித்திருந்தாலும், அநேகமாய் அவர்களுடம்பில் காணப்படுவது, கழுத்தில் தொங்கும் மணிக்கோர்வையே.

இந்திய வண்ணாரைப்போல, தட்டைக் கல்லில் துணிகளை அடித்து, குளிர்ந்த தண்ணீரில் அலசி, மணல்மேல் காயப்போட்டு கடும் வெயிலில் உலர்த்துகிறார்கள். இப்பூர்வீக முறைகளினால், ஆச்சரிய நன்மைகள் உண்டாகின்றன.

திருவிழாக் காலங்களில் திரள் கூட்டமான ஜனங்களைக் காணலாம். பசுமையும், செழிப்பும், காந்தியுமுள்ள இத்தீவின், திரு ஸ்தலங்களுக்கும், ஆலயங்களுக்கும், பலவர்ண ஆடைகளைத் தரித்துக்கொண்டு, சிறு கூட்டமாயும், பெருங் கூட்டமாயும், ஜனங்கள் சென்றுகொண்டிருப்பதைக் காணலாம்.

லில்லி டேக்ஸ்டர் கிரீன்.

Woman's Love.

ஒரு மாதுவின் காதல்

எல்லாக் காதல்களிலும், ஓர் தாய் தன் குழந்தையின்மேல் வைத்திருக்கும் அன்பு, சிறந்ததும், பெருமைவாய்ந்ததாயு மிருக்கின்றது. புருஷன்மேல் காதலாயிருக்கும் மனைவி, தாயைப்போல் மனரம்மிய முள்ளவளாயிருந்தால், அவளுடைய வீட்டை, நல்ல குடித்தன வீடென்று சொல்லலாம்.

ஒரு மதுவின் காதல் விலைமதிக்கப்படாத சிறந்த இரத்தின கல்லுக்குச் சரியாயிருக்கிறது. மாதாவின் குணத்தையும், பத்தினியின் குணத்தையும் தொகுத்து எவள் காட்டுகிறுளோ, அவளே மெய்யான பாக்கியவதி. ஒரு சிறிய விளக்கின் கொழுந்து, அநேக தீவட்டிகளை எரியச் செய்கிறுப்போல், ஓர் தாய் தன் குழந்தையை அதிகமாய்ச் சிநேகிப்பது, காதலைப் பெருக்கி, துலங்கி நிற்கச் செய்கிறது.

“அது உண்மையாகவே, ஆச்சரியமாயிருக்கிறது. என் காதலையெல்லாம், என் புருஷன்மீது செலவழித்துவிட்டேன் என்று நினைத்தேன். இப்போது, எனக்கு ஆண் குழந்தையொன்று பிறந்திருக்கிறது. அவனை நான் மட்டுக்கு மிஞ்சி சிநேகிக்கிறேன். இரண்டு விதத்தில் என் பர்த்தாவின்மீது நான் கொண்டிருக்கும் காதலை அதிகரிக்கச் செய்கிறது,” என்று ஒரு சிறு வயதுள்ள தாய், தன் தோழியைப் பார்த்துச் சொன்னுள். என் பர்த்தாவை அப்படியே உரித்துக்கொண்டு வந்தாற்போல், என் சிறு கண்மணி பிறந்திருப்பது, எனக்கு சொல்லக்கூடாத இன்பத்தைத் தருகிறது. இப்படி அவள் சம்பாஷித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கையில் அவள் முகம் ஆனந்த பாஷ்பத்தினுல், மலர்ந்தது. சுயநலத்தைக் கருதாத ஒரு மாதுவின் காதல், ஒரு குடித்தனத்தை நிலைநிறுத்தி, ஸ்திரப்படுத்தி, முன்னேற்றமடையச் செய்யும்.

தன்னை ஆதரித்த தாயானுலும் சரி, தன் செல்வத்தை அனுபவித்த பாரிபாளானுலுஞ் சரி, இருதயார்த்தமாய் சேவிக்கும் பெண்ணின் சிநேகத்தைக் காட்டிலும், சிறந்த சிநேகம் உலகில் காணக்கூடுமோ. தாயற்ற குழந்தையின் நிலமை மிகப் பரிதாபம் நிறைந்துள்ளது. தன்னையும் தன் குடித்தனத்தையும் கவனிக்க, ஒரு மனையாள் இல்லாவிடின் அப்புருஷனின் நிலைமை பயங்கரமும் கொடியதுமாயிருக்கும்.

“ஒரு புருஷனுக்கு தன் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்த அன்பார்ந்த உத்தம பத்தினி இருப்பாளாயின் அவனுக்கு இப்பூவுலகில், குறைவற்ற செல்வம் கிடைக்கும். உலகத்தின் சகல சம்பத்துமிருந்தும், பாரியாளில்லாவிடின், புருஷன் ஓர் தரித்திரனென்று,” கிழக்கத்திய பெரியோர் சொல்லிய வார்த்தைகள், இப்போது என் ஞாபகத்திற்கு வருகிறது.

ஆண் மக்களே, உங்கள் தாய்மாரை கண்ணியமாய் நடத்துங்கள். புருஷர்களே, உங்கள் பத்தினிகளை மதித்து, சிநேகித்து, அரவணையுங்கள். தொட்டிலை ஆட்டி உன்னை உறங்க வைத்ததாயே, நீ தொண்டைமான் ஆனுலும், உனக்கு ஆலோசனை சொல்பவள். ஆகையால் இந்த சத்தியத்தை உன் சகல நிலைமைகளிலும் நினைத்துக்கொள். மேற்சொன்னவைகள் மனே பாவனைகள் எனறு எண்ணவேண்டாம்.

ஜி. கே. பிள்ளை.

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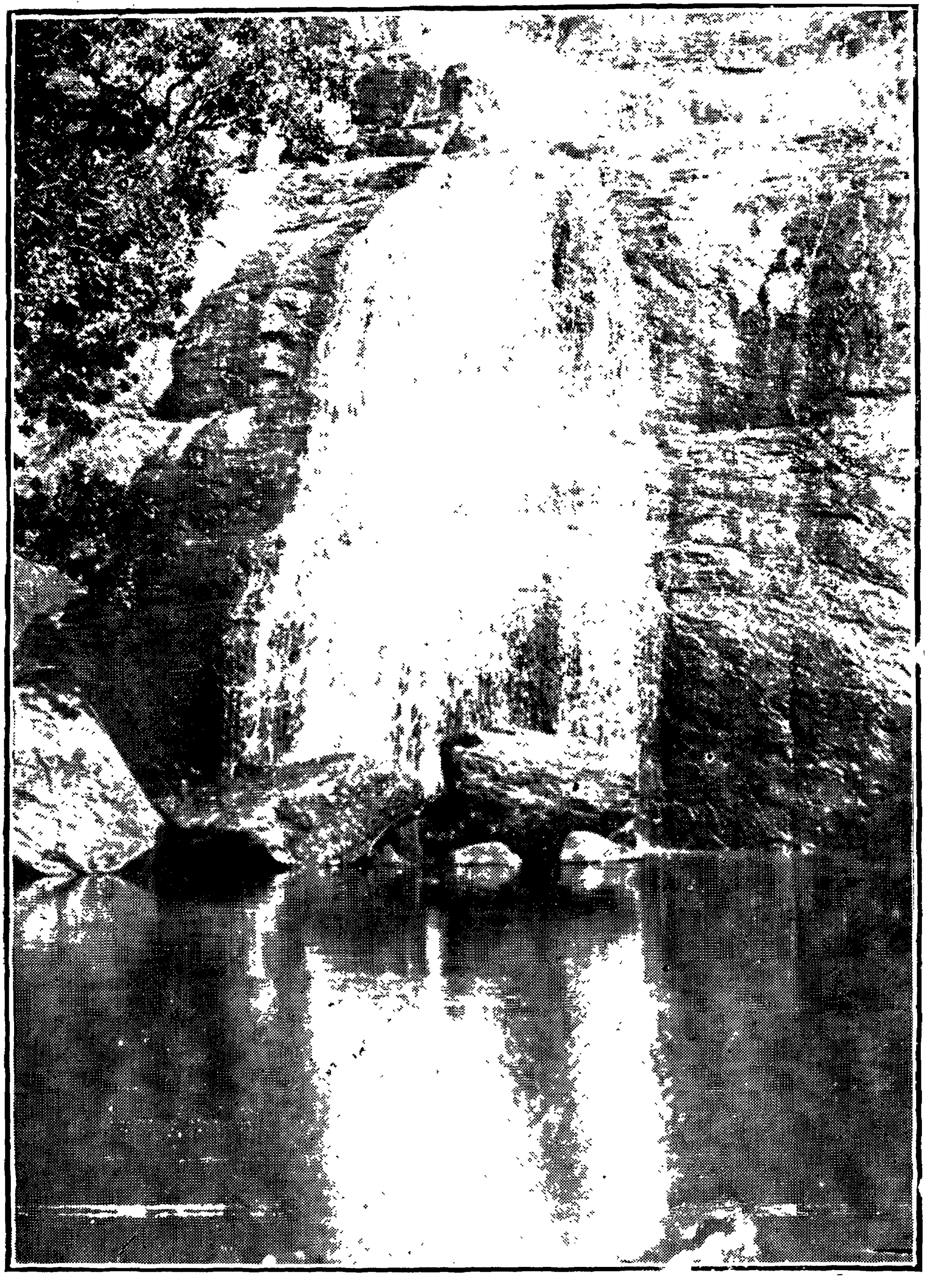

THE SILVER CASCADE, KODAIKANAL

Photo by A. J. Pandyan.)